JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 13, 1937

TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1600.

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JOHN BULL

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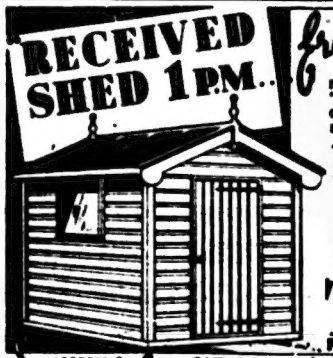
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

It's STILL A CRIME To Be POOR!

YES, it's still a crime and a sin to be poor in Britain! Just because you have only a very little money you are treated at least as a suspect by all sorts of officials, institutions and commercial concerns.

John Bull knows, because each week thousands of families, victimised and badgered through no fault except their poverty, write to us seeking help and advice in their troubles.

The first and worst tyranny imposed on poor homes is that of exorbitant and illegal rents. Enter any working-class street and, if you know the law, you will find that many families are paying excessively, and illegally, for their often rotten and inadequate houses.

Merely by filling up a form and paying a shilling, without being required to give any justification, landlords everywhere register as decontrolled dwellings which are within the scope of the Rents Acts. They then raise rents and evict tenants who won't pay the increases.

All over the country bailiffs, put in without the authority of the courts, are working overtime taking possession of goods and chattels.

All this would stop if only the Rents Acts were amended to provide machinery in every area by which house occupiers could have their rents officially regulated. As it is, tenants are treated almost as criminals if they appeal to their landlord-governed councils for declaration of their legal rents.

★ ★ ★

Never a day passes without one grievance of common folk being made known to John Bull. It is the extent to which they are beset in their homes by official spies.

This espionage began a quarter of a century ago when National Health Insurance was introduced, and Approved Societies began to send what are called sick visitors to the homes of claimants for benefit.

Local authorities next joined in this game, and bands of officials seem to have no more to do than go from house to house in the guise of welfare visitors and the like. They look below beds, examine linen, inspect cooking utensils and give gratuitous advice.

To-day, in scores of towns, private landlords are making it a condition of tenancies that they also shall be allowed regularly to send spies into the houses they let. Millions of people have come to believe that they must submit to this kind of thing without protest, but, we say, it is all illegal. It would soon be declared so if it were tried on among richer homes.

★ ★ ★

Many landlords are now making it seem criminal for working-class tenants to make the best use of their radio sets. On one day last week letters reached us from families in nine parts of the country who have just been ordered to dismantle their outdoor aerials.

In four of the cases it is clearly an act of petty revenge against groups of tenants—whole streets of residents are affected—who have been able to thwart their landlords in a demand for illegally-high rents. In others the landlords are graciously willing to allow the aerials to remain in position on condition that the tenants consent to pay more rent.

Always these demands, which property owners would not dare to make on occupiers of better-class houses, carry threats of court proceedings and applications for eviction orders.

★ ★ ★

For three years there has been a halt in the grim procession of innocent and healthy children from their homes to lunacy institutions. It stopped for the simple reason that all existing asylums and colonies had been filled.

Now the march to bondage has been resumed. Everywhere, at the behest of the Whitehall bureaucrats, local authorities have been pouring out money to build great new institutions. Now most of them are ready to receive fresh thousands of child captives.

It's all right to bully them—they can't hit back because they've got no money

In poor homes all over the country there is terror of what may happen. School-children, whose only fault is that they are unable to conform to the fast pace of the educational machine, are being sorted out for a new and intensified examination under the Mental Deficiency Acts.

Most impressive of the letters now reaching John Bull on this subject are those from private doctors, who, as a body, are aghast at the recklessness with which preparations are being made to tear children from their homes for years of detention as mental patients.

For long we have searched Britain for a single case of a child from a fee-paying school being taken from its parents and placed by official order in a lunacy institution.

We have not found one.

We never expect to do so. The authorities would not risk such tyranny and injustice on people who could afford to resist them.

★ ★ ★

Ever since the Archbishop of Canterbury made his "Recall to Religion" appeal, part of John Bull's postbag has been occupied daily by letters from, or on behalf of, humble people about their unhappy experiences with the churches.

Saddest of all are those in which clergymen are refusing baptism to children for no other reason than that their parents are irregular in church attendance.

The justification for such harshness would be more apparent if it was known it was inflicted also on wealthier families who do not go to church. But this is not the case. The baby born with a silver spoon in its mouth is always gladly baptised. Its parents can pay, you see.

★ ★ ★

You often read how the taint of pauperism has been entirely removed from the public hospitals of this country—institutions now partly maintained by the ratepayers and by levies on the patients, according to their means.

This has become true of the London hospital service in the last three years, but not in most other parts of Britain.

There the regimentation and the fierce discipline imposed on patients persists as intensely as it did in the ugly days of poor law control.

In many wards the sick are still required to lie flat in bed all day until "lights out," and are reprimanded if they bend their knees or move into a position of ease which may slightly disarrange the military pattern of the bedclothes.

As everyone must now pay for treatment according to ability, public hospitals are to-day little different in principle from private nursing homes. How long would these exist if their patients were treated as nonentities?

★ ★ ★

There are tens of thousands of widows dependent on compensation for the loss of their breadwinners in industrial accidents. They are paid their sustenance through the county courts.

Often it happens that a family is called on to meet extra expenditure—on clothes, education, illness and the like. But before they can get the money they must appear before the judge in open court and publicly justify their requests.

If the poor must always be treated as suspects, let the examination of them be conducted in the friendly privacy of the judges' rooms.

★ ★ ★

Finally, if recent letters reaching John Bull call urgently for an answer to one question more than another, it is to this one: Why should privately owned public utility companies—the suppliers of electricity, gas and water—be above the ordinary law in regard to debt recovery?

All over the country these powerful companies have lately been using their legal right to deprive homes of light, heating and water because of temporary inability to pay accounts in full and at once.

All offers of part-payment down and the balance by instalments are refused.

The penalty for poverty or sudden hardship is exacted to the limit—darkness, coldness, thirst and uncooked food.

★ ★ ★

"If you are poor, nobody cares a damn." That is what they write and tell us. It is one of the greatest disgraces of our national life. Part of it could be cured at once, of course, by a Government which really felt for the little man and his battle to live.

But most of it goes deeper than that. Have you never been short, or arbitrary, or harsh with a man or woman just because they were poor, because they could not hit back? Answer yourself the question honestly. Then be sure you never repeat the offence.

Straight From The Shoulder . . .

THERE IS BLOOD ON YOUR COAL!

Action Needed Now, Not Debates

WHAT is Mr. Baldwin going to do about the report on the Gresford Colliery explosion?

Two hundred and sixty-five men died there on September 22, 1934. You remember it?

The reports of Sir Henry Walker, Chief Inspector of Mines, who conducted the Inquiry into the disaster, and of Joseph Jones, President of the Mineworkers' Federation, who sat with him as Assessor, make differing but terrible charges of neglect, breaches of the law and incompetence against the Gresford management.

Useless Debates

Labour has asked for a full debate in the Commons. But what good will that debate do—except give vent to indignation?

Again and again mining disasters occur. For a few days the country is full of pity and horror. Money pours into a relief fund—and things go on just the same.

Men are killed, crippled and broken in health in the mines every day of the year. There is blood on all the coal you burn.

We Demand . . .

We demand an immediate quickening of the work now being carried on by the Safety in Mines Commission.

We insist that its report shall be the basis of new and vigorous safety regulations embodied in an Act of Parliament. We call for a much more efficient inspectorate to see that the new safety code is practised rigorously in every colliery.

The Solution

That is the best that can be done, until the whole coal-mining industry is put under public control and management, for that is the only sane solution of its problems.

Why should a man who earns less than £3 a week be killed horribly underground—just because he's "only a miner"? That is the question to keep in your mind.

"P.T." On Empty Stomach s

With a great blast of trumpets the Government's physical training scheme has been launched. It will cost £150,000 a year and will be voluntary, for the slightest element of compulsion would bring disaster.

Soon you may hear the "one, two" for early morning exercises coming through your loudspeaker. The B.B.C. is now regarded as the infallible aid to every public campaign.

Why Not Work?

But the great problem of getting people interested has still to be met. Greatest opposition will come from those who are supposed to need "exercise" most—the wage-earners and the workless.

First they ask to have sufficient work and food. Then the millions who depend on relief and unemployment pay ask—If the State can plan recreation on a national scale with so much publicity, why can't it provide meals for those who need them?

Work is the best exercise for the nation, but the Cabinet could not admit it.

"Fit" And Hungry

We all know there is something seriously wrong with the nation's health, and the Government is going to drill it out of us. Officially we are going to be "fit"—and hungry.

There will be staff colleges—probably on the site of the burned-out Crystal Palace—but pleas for food for those who need it will be ignored.

No-Butter Death Rate

Hitler's policy of guns instead of butter takes its toll. Germany's annual death rate has risen 10 per cent. since Nazi rule started—and the increase is heaviest among the poorest.

The number of panel doctors has been decreased from 40,000 to 30,500. and the death rate per thousand among their patients has gone up 32 per cent.

But perhaps Hitler will blame it all on the Communists, or make it still another German grievance against foreign countries.

Joseph Jones . . . makes terrible charges

Dr. Temple—Fighter

William Temple, Lord Archbishop of York, is a round little man who suffers frequently from gout and still more frequently from an abundance of energy. He is always barging in where he is least expected, and frequently steps on unrighteous toes.

Recently he offended Tory M.P.s by publicly supporting Sir Arthur Salter, the Independent candidate for the University of Oxford. Then he wrote a letter more or less supporting the Spanish Government.

Bishop Takes It Seriously

Another Bishop who cares more about slums than about creeds is His long, thin, nervous Lordship of Bristol. He is the President of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, which exists to fight the devils of overcrowding, underfeeding and unemployment.

The Church is largely governed by baldheads and greybeards. Senility broods over the Church Assembly.

The Industrial Christian Fellowship enlists the enthusiasm of youth in something that is real. The Bishop of Bristol is very broad-minded, and he is very impatient when good men squabble over things that do not matter in the least.

Clubs Bill Ready

Sir John Simon is having a great deal of trouble over his Clubs Bill. The measure is ready to face the ordeal of a wrangle in the Commons and is expected to become law before the Coronation. Police are to have restricted powers of entry. There will be no off-sale of drink in clubs, or to persons under eighteen.

Safety At Sea

It takes a disaster or two to reform our laws. It is now a serious offence, punishable by imprisonment, for a skipper to take an overloaded ship to sea. Those who order the captain to break the law will also go to jail.

British shipowners are reaping a rich harvest from the Shipping Subsidy, and are also saving money by employing Lascars instead of Britons.

Stopping Rent Profiteers

Cardiff City Council, to check rent profiteering by property speculators, are considering acquiring vacant house property and letting it at economic rentals.

This may end a wicked paradox—hundreds of families without homes unable to take over an empty house because of the preposterous rents demanded.

The Whole Truth About Night Baking Another Rates Scandal

YET another Departmental Committee on night baking! There was one in 1930. It recommended abolition. Nothing happened. There was a world Convention at Geneva in 1925. It recommended same thing. Still nothing happened.

Is the new Committee just an excuse for getting it out of the Factories Bill and shelving it again? Denmark, Sweden, Russia, the Irish Free State and Australia have all done away with it.

Who is responsible for opposition? The Union says that if a vote of all employers were taken day baking would come immediately But individuals cannot afford to be pioneers because of competition. So there must be compulsion by Act of Parliament.

Listen-In To Parliament

New Zealand's Labour Government is pointing the way for other democratic countries to follow. It has decided to broadcast important speeches and debates *from Parliament*. An excellent idea! Electors will now be able to hear for themselves exactly what members are up to.

Choosing an M.P. at election time should be much simpler.

Hitting The Home

One of the meanest ramps that should be stopped at once is that where house-owners in distressed areas are bought out at ridiculous prices by financial groups. Then the house is let to the former owner at the maximum rent.

There ought to be some way of stopping this exploitation of a large class said by all the leading politicians from time to time to be the backbone of the nation because they have a "stake in the country."

Shipowners, farmers and all sorts of interests get subsidies. All that these people want is protection to see them through a hard time.

Trains Too Fast

London's Underground railways have fitted a new hustle em 'device. It is already carrying hustle too far.

Last week an Uxbridge train left South Harrow with many passengers who wanted to get off, stranded on the station seven passengers who wanted to get on. A family party was cut in half. People who had waited twenty minutes had to wait twenty minutes more.

Railways have duties as well as passengers.

Cut-Price Shop Racket

And those who are always talking about the welfare of the small shopkeeper can think about this one.

Shops are offered at tempting prices. Turnover figures seem to be accurate. The first week's business reveals that the business was built up on the cut-price principle, and that when the new owner tries to trade on normal lines he fails.

Of course, the former owners are always willing to buy the shop back—at their own price. The same business can change hands four times in a year, and have four victims and leave a handsome profit for the unscrupulous dealers.

They Never Forget

Hundreds of people are now learning that there are authorities who never forget. Fifteen years ago there was a coal strike. Now summonses are being issued to those who received relief.

Many of the recipients of relief have migrated to other coalfields, but the summonses are following them—the bailiffs are paying visits—fifteen years after.

Old "Pastor" Trick

When a Middlesex housewife read in JOHN BULL of the methods of "Pastor" Hurst, whose door-to-door collections, ostensibly for destitute children, go in the main to himself and his collectors, she cut out the article to make sure she would never be a victim.

Last week, just a fortnight later, a man in clerical attire called with a story of starving children that wrung tears from her eyes and sixpence from her purse. She pulled herself up after the coin had changed hands. Too late. It was the "Pastor's" gang, with a new story.

Always remember that the people we expose in our columns have imagination enough to vary their stories.

Two Brave Men

Two determined Congleton men have started a rates campaign which concerns everyone.

They found that the valuation roll and corporation houses were rated at nearly the same figure as better-class houses with twice the accommodation.

Next they forced the Council to let them state their case before a full Council meeting.

If they don't get satisfaction now, they will go to the Ministry of Health, but the Council has already agreed to hold a public enquiry.

In Your Town?

What happens at Congleton is happening everywhere.

Yet it is easy to find out whether you are over-assessed. Consult the valuation roll, generally kept in the local library, and see whether other houses in the same area with equal accommodation pay the same rates.

If not, do as the two bold men of Congleton have done and compel your council to do justice.

Word To Councils

Here's another rating scandal which could be ended if councils allowed instalment payments by ratepayers who cannot find the whole sum at once because of unemployment.

A man in Birmingham owed £5 16s. Magistrates gave him time to pay. But police costs added 9s. to total, making it £6 5s.

Speak Up!

By instalments £2 9s. was paid to bailiffs, who deducted 19s. as their costs, leaving £4 15s.

The man has now found a job and will go on paying by instalments. But further costs will increase his original debt by a third.

Councils could stop this scandal in a few weeks if the ratepayers made their voices loud and clear enough.

Do-Nothing Neville

Neville Chamberlain and his Go Slow Boys in the Cabinet want to hold up the new £2,000,000 Government buildings in Whitehall.

They argue: "Wait for two years till the armament boom ends and another trade slump follows. Why spend money on public works now, when we've only got a million and a half unemployed?"

Maybe a million or so hungry families don't seem a lot to the well-fed. All the same, we're glad Baldwin is likely to get his own way for once and order a start to be made on the new buildings.

The Shortage Of Steel

Then the trouble will start in earnest. There won't be enough steel available for the job owing to armament requirements. Already big building orders are being held up.

Then remember, as we've told you before, that the arms boom isn't the unmixed blessing to trade that our Ministers pretend.

Slow Motion In Navy

Something wrong in the Navy. There was a record entry of cadets last year, yet ratings received the lowest number of commissions for 25 years. Not much sign of democracy there!

To fill gaps in the "middle ranks" the Admiralty has offered to accept Mercantile Marine officers between 21 and 30. But the lower deck claims that petty and warrant officers could fill these vacancies.

And so to a riot from which women and children cannot be—and are not—spared

British Gunmen's 18 Murders

EIGHTEEN young, hard-faced, mufflered men—unemployed youths really—stalk Belfast's streets with hands deeply stained in human blood—murderers who cannot be brought to justice

These lads glory in their immunity from the law. Since 1932 eighteen lives have been claimed by their quick-firing revolvers. Still they are free, protected by walls of silence more impenetrable than jail itself.

The gun in the hands of youthful fanatical gangsters is more feared in certain Belfast districts to-day than the majesty of the Royal Ulster Constabulary with its crack marksmen, its flying squads, its terrifying armoured cars.

The law cannot guard a suspected informer at whom the Irish Republican Army points the dread finger of accusations. That informer will die.

When the other day silver-haired outspoken Coroner Thomas Erskine Alexander held his eighteenth inquest since June, 1932, on a gangster victim he condemned the crimes as "Meaningless."

But were they? Quiet Joseph Hanna was a corporation dustbin man, living peaceably with his wife and nine children in narrow, cobbled Servia Street, which is one of a labyrinth of dark, forbidding lanes in an area where the gun talks.

His bereft widow defends his memory.

"My man had no political association and not an enemy in the world," she said.

One night last week, after dark had fallen, grey-haired Hanna left home for the walk he usually took at the same time. He got less than one hundred yards. Did he suspect?

He saw a street lamp extinguished and slipped into a shop at the corner. Then the fear-stricken man made a despairing dash across the cobbled street.

The guns barked. Five shots rapid fire and Hanna lay mortally wounded. His murderers disappeared.

Dwelling-house doors in the street opened. Heads peeped out fearfully. Servia Street was clear. Life ebbed from the shot-riddled man. He was hurried to hospital to die.

Life went on, slightly ruffled perhaps, but as usual, in the Cullingtree Road area, for the people there knew that nothing could be done.

The Irish Republican Army had spoken. The guns had barked vengeance for a fancied grievance. Police met a wall of silence.

They were told that shots were heard but that no one was seen. Blindness or deliberately closed eyes? Detectives fume. Official rage is impotent.

Belfast shakes its head, shrugs its shoulders and prepares literally to tear to shreds anyone courageous enough to throw the spotlight of enlightened British opinion on the city's skeleton in the cupboard.

Eighteen unsolved gangster crimes in four years, yet Belfast cannot bring itself to admit that in several districts the shadow of the gun hangs darkly over human life.

The Falls Road, York Street, Cullingtree Road, the Clonard and North Queen Street, dark, all of them, are festering sores of fanatical religious bitterness.

An angry word in the street, a blow, a crowd takes sides; Protestant *versus* Catholic. Stones fly through the air. Then a shot is fired.

And so to a merciless, often bestial, riot, in which women and innocent children cannot be, and are not, spared.

Armoured cars with machine-guns cocked at the "ready" can quell these internecine flare-ups, but armoury is useless to combat the stealthy, hidden death that lurks round the corner of so many densely populated streets in these areas.

The Irish Republican Army reigns supreme there, flaunting law and order, openly boasting of its power to bump off enemies without fear of arrest.

How can murder flourish in face of a force so perfectly equipped and so versed in guerilla warfare as the Royal Ulster Constabulary?

The answer is obvious.

Cowards behind guns can now mow down

Caught by an Irish gunman (a film scene)

victims with courage bolstered up by the sure knowledge that squealing is unknown.

It is death, swift and sudden, to the "stool-pigeon."

Four years ago, just when the Irish Republican Army was slowly gathering in the harvest of young idlers as potential gunmen yielded by the Ulster Government's ban on its unlawful activities, the police surprised a body of recruits drilling in a field on the outskirts of Belfast.

A stool-pigeon in the ranks had squealed.

Headquarters held an investigation. A "court-martial" was staged surreptitiously in the back room of a small dwelling-house.

Then the I.R.A. secret service, though but a shadow of the perfect organisation of 1921 days, when no information was sacrosanct, got to work.

A member was suspected. He was sentenced to death by the flickering light of candles. The man fled from Belfast. Four years later he returned home to resume family life, praying that his vehemently denied lapse had either been forgiven or forgotten.

One day not so long ago he was out for a walk. A motor-car slipped into the almost deserted street. Two masked young men darted out of the car. Their wicked, shiny automatics spoke, and another I.R.A. execution had been carried out four years after sentence—against which there is no appeal—had been passed.

The Irish Republican Army never forgets. Once a member always a member.

The gun wins. The gang never works haphazardly. One man or two are detailed for the shooting. If no car is to be used the victim is shadowed for weeks, perhaps months, until his every movement from morning to bedtime is known.

The likeliest spot is marked, the day and the time chosen. Then the gunmen have a drink to bolster up their courage. They shoot straight and true. Organisation does the rest.

Somewhere within comparatively short running distance of the scene there is perhaps an open door ready to be slammed behind the murderers. Or it may be a shop. Once inside they lie low for a few days or nip out at the back, climb a few easy yard-walls and are gone.

Here is what happened one Sunday night in October, 1933. Police-Constable Charles Anderson, with a cadet, was on special duty guarding the home of a man who had been gagged and bound by I.R.A. men a few days previously. Round the corner of the street came six masked men. "Hands up!" they shouted hoarsely, but simultaneously opening fire.

Anderson fell mortally wounded with his hand on his holster. His mate dropped flat and opened fire, but missed because the lanyard of his gun became entangled.

Five minutes later saw a heavy cordon round the district, but six masked, armed men were back in their hide-out by then.

Police-Constable Anderson died because he was guarding from the I.R.A. a man it wanted.

In February of the same year Policeman John Ryan, on duty near a railway station during Ulster's big rail strike, fell foul of an armed gang which used the labour dispute as a cloak for gunning. He died on the pavement

A reward of £1,000 failed to open sealed lips. The I.R.A. terror has too strong a hold on the minds of the one class of people that can help law and order.

These people live too close to the grim realities of life and death—they live on the brink of an ever-simmering volcano—to appreciate the duty of law-abiding citizens. They dare not tell.

They remember two policemen; O'Boyle, the inoffensive publican of York Street; young George Clyde, shot at Greencastle; John McKelrnan, shot down in his public-house in Great George's Street with three policemen less than fifty yards away; Daniel Turley, mown down two months ago in broad daylight; and finally Joseph Hanna.

Gunmen did these dastardly shootings and escaped scot-free. Such is the menace of the gun over Belfast to-day.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

CROOK With A Sex-Detector

WHERE is Austin Gordon Lovell Pennock? Many people who have been victimised by him would be glad to know, but after recent plundering visits to Exeter, in Devon, and Taunton, in Somerset, he has temporarily vanished.

Doctor of medicine, founder of clinics, champion of cancer research, technical adviser, consulting engineer, inventor of galvanic batteries, are but a few of his pretentions. Cunning and duplicity are his main assets.

The possessor of a profoundly plausible personality, his dupes are already scattered from Oldham, in Lancashire, southward to London and Plymouth. His hunting ground is usually the commercial room of an hotel, but he also frequents the hostels of the Y.M.C.A.

Accompanied by his "secretary," Pennock turned up at an hotel in Exeter that is frequented by commercial travellers, and there regaled his audience with tall stories of his money-making schemes.

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He was, he claimed, the originator of an idea by means of which submarines are supposed to be able to stay under water indefinitely. The inventor of an apparatus for determining the sex of eggs.

But his chief interest at the moment is to recommend a concern known as Devon Life Research Association, Ltd., as a "solid investment." That no such company exists does not trouble him in the least.

It says much for Pennock's persuasive powers that he has contrived to "put a deal over" on a hard-bitten salesman.

Discussing electro-medical matters with an air of knowledge, and posing as a qualified doctor, the "inventor" secured a lift to London in this traveller's car. But he left his hotel bill in Exeter unpaid.

Next he managed to make himself thoroughly at home with the London man over the week-end, and even offered, as a medical man, to examine his host's seven-year-old daughter!

This offer and an invitation to take up shares in Pennock's research company were wisely declined.

A week later the "doctor's" secretary called at the traveller's house boasting that hundreds of pounds worth of shares had been sold in Taunton and neighbourhood.

On the strength of this tale, and on the excuse that he had "lost" his train, and "missed" his chief, the secretary then proceeded to borrow money for his fare.

That was the last the commercial traveller saw of either. All Pennock's stories, including one that he had founded clinics for cancer research in Exeter, Taunton, and in Yorkshire, proved complete fabrications.

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It is true that a company called "Life Research Association, Ltd.," was founded by him with capital of several thousand pounds secured from investors, but it lasted less than three years.

It faded out of existence from offices in central London, to be struck from the register of companies by the authorities. Never at any time did it bear the prefix "Devon" or "Somerset," which he now favours when seeking fresh investors.

A West End tradesman who advanced Pennock considerable sums was never repaid, while another victim lost more than £1,000 in the space of a year in campanies Pennock floated to exploit worthless inventions.

Calling himself "Lovell" on one occasion, Pennock went to an engineer to have a new "battery" tested, and in the course of conversation proudly displayed a letter purporting to be from a firm offering him £200 for his apparatus.

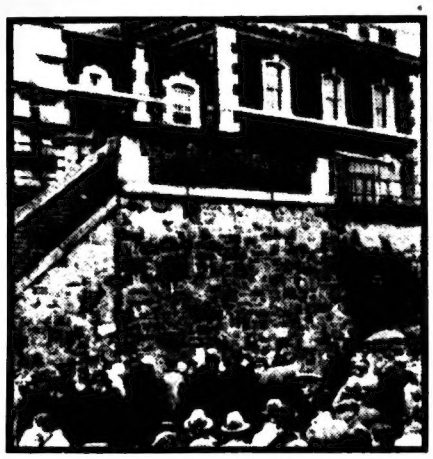
This letter was a forgery but on the strength of it he induced the engineer to part with money.

Forgery is not exactly a new departure for him, as on one occasion at least he has uttered a forged cheque.

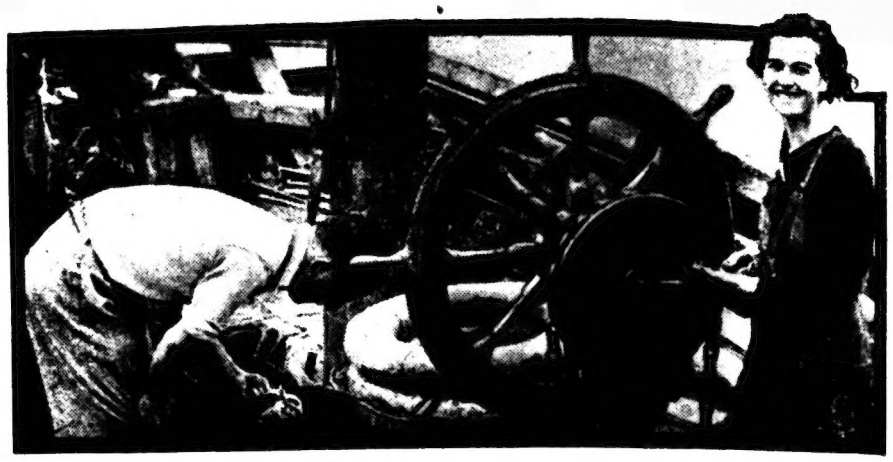
It is less than a year since he was charged at Plymouth with obtaining money by means of false pretences, and for converting a car to his own use. Faked telegrams he had used to hoax investors into believing his submarine invention was being taken up by a Government department figured in this amazing prosecution.

He was then exposed as an individual who lived by fraud, several times convicted, and he was sent to jail for six months.

Austin Gordon Lovell Pennock, self-described as M.T.D., M.Inst.P., consulting engineer, Y.M.C.A., Exeter, emerged from prison to start his plundering career all over again in the very shadow of Exeter Jail! Now, as we say, he is on the run, and the public should watch for his next appearance!



Exeter jail, from which Pennock emerged to renew his plunderings



A scene aboard the "Antelope"

NEW SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

ADVENTURE in the South Seas the objective. Actual destination and tying-up post a berth in the River Fal, Cornwall.

So ends the wonderful expedition, fostered by one Jack Bruce Kellock. His ship, the *Antelope*, an old sailing trawler, was to accomplish a wonderful voyage around the world manned by amateur adventurers.

Incidentally each of the adventurers—there were six—paid Bruce Kellock £250 for the privilege of signing on as members of the crew of the *Antelope*.

Really an expensive passage. For the trawler has only travelled from Plymouth to Falmouth.

There the vessel is held up, and a writ, claiming against the owner for money said to be due, is nailed to her mast.

Some weeks ago we disclosed the antecedents of this Jack Bruce Kellock, and described the vicissitudes of the earlier stages of the expedition. Now we are able to give the sequel.

The unfortunate young men who subscribed their good money to Kellock have lost it. Horizon Hunters, Ltd., the company which was formed by Bruce Kellock and owns the *Antelope*, is bankrupt. It has no funds with which to continue.

All the original subscribers to the crazy Kellock enterprise have packed up from the ship and departed for their homes. They are at the present time endeavouring vainly to secure some repayment from their former leader. So far their efforts have proved fruitless. They cannot even get a statement of the accounts of the company of which they were registered shareholders.

One particularly hard case is that of the mercantile marine officer engaged as professional skipper and navigator of the *Antelope*.

He was stranded at Falmouth without means. The money for his fare back to his home town in Durham county was advanced by the local branch of the British Legion. Promises made by Kellock to pay this man were never met.

When he left Falmouth he had his fare provided but nothing to spare. He could not buy any food on the long journey to the North and in the end had to tramp six miles from the railway station to his house.

Since the complete break-up of this ridiculous South Seas trip, Bruce Kellock has advertised again in an endeavour to bring in other subscribers.

A few have responded, and their money has gone to liquidate past liabilities.

This warning should be given in the public interest. There is not the slightest chance—under present conditions—of the *Antelope* obtaining her clearance from Falmouth. The ship is wanted for debt.

Bruce Kellock and his *Antelope* combine to make a South Sea Bubble.

This BIRD Flies High

WITH the inspiring motto: "Unity is strength—United we stand —Divided we fall," the United Trade Protection Society of Overstone Road, Northampton, has been particularly active during the past few weeks.

Advertisements have appeared in a London newspaper which read: "Enquiry Agents required all districts throughout Great Britain. Good pay. Box ——."

Those who replied received a printed letter from the United Trade Protection Association, of which R. O. Bird is principal, while I. Bird figures as secretary.

This letter explained that after a period of seven years, "we are about to publish a second directory of Enquiry Agents."

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"One good representative will be registered in each district, and as the directory will be sent to all kinds of traders," the nibbler at the bait is assured that it may mean to him an additional income of £1 to £3 a week or more.

After which the would-be agent is told that he must send five shillings, which entitles him among other advantages to two free copies of the directory, though no definite date of publication is guaranteed.

"Following our last issue," adds the chief of the United Trade Protection Association, "we can definitely assert that many of our late agents did earn far in excess of £3 a week.

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"Apart from commercial houses, there are a very large number of solicitors, debt recovery agents, etc., who would unquestionably be pleased to avail themselves of an agent in the various towns."

So the prospects of the would-be agent seem particularly rosy if he will but part with a five-shilling subscription.

As if to meet possible objections halfway a notice printed in red states: "This scheme is not a catch." We wonder—particularly as Mr. R. O. Bird has failed to register his precious Protection Association as the law demands.

Our records show that Mr. R. O. Bird has, during the past few years, had many queer business interests which have brought him no small measure of trouble.

"No Catch," says Bird

In January, 1935, he was sentenced to six months' hard labour at Leicester Quarter Sessions for being unlawfully concerned in the management of a company while an undischarged bankrupt.

He was also convicted at Northampton in 1932 and fined £100 for a minor offence.

When the more recent case was heard it was stated by a detective-inspector that complaints about Bird had been received over a number of years in regard to several businesses.

We are not impressed with his latest unregistered scheme, launched as the United Trade Protection Association, and we urge readers to think twice before parting with their subscriptions of five shillings—and save their money.

Conviction To Quash

BY far the most serious of the injustices committed by lay magistrates in dealing with motoring prosecutions are those which imperil the livelihood of commercial vehicle drivers.

The worst recent case of the kind has occurred at Hailsham, Sussex, where a married man, with a family, named Benjamin Wickham, of Bates Road, Brighton, has been fined £4 and £1 costs and had his licence endorsed for alleged driving without care.

The facts are remarkable.

Wickham was manœuvring his lorry into a service station on the Willingdon by-pass road and less than four feet of the tail end of the vehicle was in the roadway when it was struck by a motor-car, driven by Alderman Miss Alice Hudson, J.P., of Polegate, Eastbourne. Her car was damaged, but she escaped injury.

Miss Hudson admitted she was travelling at the time at 45-50 miles per hour. That, she said, was her usual speed when the road was clear.

The only witnesses called were those for the prosecution. But their joint testimony was that the lorry driver had reason to believe the road was clear when he made to turn into the station, that his view and that of Miss Hudson had been obscured by another car which passed, that Miss Hudson was travelling very fast, that a collision was unavoidable in the circumstances.

And, most important of all, they testified that the lorry driver not only put out his arm to signal his intention, but did so also by a mechanical indicator on his vehicle.

Remember, all this was evidence for the prosecution. And when one witness was asked what Wickham did that he should not have done, the emphatic answer was—"Nothing that any other driver would not have done."

But after all these statements to the lorry driver's credit, the justices found him guilty and sentenced him as stated.

If ever a conviction—the licence endorsement may jeopardise the man's employment—called for quick quashing by the Home Secretary, it is this monstrous one.

There would have been much less risk of accident if Miss Hudson had been travelling at a more moderate speed.

CRUEL CLOTHING CLUB FRAUD

WHILE husbands are at work, a mischievous individual, who represents himself to be an agent for the "Century Clothing Club," of Tavistock Square, London, is calling on housewives with an attractive offer.

He seeks to enrol members and book orders for clothing that he promises will be delivered within a day or two, on terms which are undeniably attractive.

To lend colour to his story, he gives a list of traders supposed to be under contract to deliver goods at his order.

He calls a second time, but with a request for something "on account." Then, once he has secured an initial payment, he disappears from the neighbourhood.

The traders whose names he so glibly uses know nothing of him, nor is the Century Clothing Club anything but a figment of his imagination. Smartly dressed himself, he is just the kind of rogue to make a fat living by means of false pretences.

He has been operating in the Paddington and Edgware Road districts of London quite recently. Housewives should be on their guard against him.

The surroundings of the Doe's home are like a Flanders battlefield

CAPTIVE BOY: ALARMING FACTS

FEW worse things can befall a boy than to be sent away to a mental institution knowing all the time that he is normal mentally.

This is the plight of Peter Richardson, now aged fifteen, who has spent the past three years in the Prudhoe Hall Mental Institution, near Newcastle-on-Tyne.

His story is an exceptionally sad one. He had the misfortune to suffer from an impediment in his speech, and he was somewhat backward at school, but his parents, who live in a well-kept and comfortable nome at Sunderland, protest that he was never mentally deficient.

However, they were approached by officials who suggested that if the boy were allowed to go to Prudhoe Hall Mental Colony for twelve months it would have the effect of building him up physically.

Actually, three years have passed and all attempts to secure their boy's release have failed.

Last November, after a further application, the medical superintendent replied, saying that he would bring the matter before his committee at the next meeting, and that he would let the parents know the decision in due course.

Imagine their joy when a woman visitor called upon them later and told them that Peter was going to be discharged quite soon and that a letter would be sent at a later date.

She explained that the boy on his homecoming would need good food and warm clothing. The rooms and beds in the house were duly inspected. The father, naturally pleased with the good news that his son was coming home at last, went out and bought on credit extra blankets and other items to the value of £4.

So the parents waited hopefully for the return of Peter. They waited in vain.

Bewildered, they wrote for an explanation, and the superintendent of Prudhoe Colony wrote in reply:

"DEAR MR. RICHARDSON,—I am sorry if you were informed that your son would be discharged, as I am afraid that she was rather anticipating the decision of the committee, who are alone able to consent to the discharge of a patient from the Colony.

"The reason the committee refused the discharge was on the grounds that, as a patient, Peter was not mentally fit to be in the outside world and would be very much better, from a mental point of view, kept in the Colony for a longer time."

Clearly someone seems to have blundered. The parents, eager for their son's return, had bought things for his comfort; only to have their hopes dashed.

They had let the boy go to Prudhoe because they thought that he would be away only a year and that such a stay would be for his benefit.

Now they are wondering if he will ever be allowed to come home again.

When the parents have visited him at the Colony they have seen Peter in conditions where he is in close contact with hopeless mental patients, both young and old. How, they ask, can he possibly benefit in such surroundings?

To their knowledge he is receiving no special treatment, nor is his speech defect in any way improved.

Our investigations show that the home conditions in this case are excellent. The parents do not live in a slum but in a comfortable council house. We urge, therefore, the committee concerned to review the case at once.

Girl's Freedom Threatened

A SOMEWHAT different case, but one which also demands investigation, concerns a young girl named Grace Chalk, of Lambourn Road, Barking, Essex.

But for a street accident in which she was injured last October, Grace Chalk would be an inmate of an institution for mental defectives to-day, though, according to independent medical opinion, she is in no way mentally defective.

Grace Chalk

Grace was actually a patient in St. Bartholomew's Hospital when her parents were first notified by the Barking Education Committee of its intention to exercise control over her future.

The eldest of a family of five children, she has been attending an open-air school. She was a member of a party of sixteen children under adult escort when she was knocked down and injured.

Her father had planned to have her apprenticed to dressmaking, but because of this accident it has been necessary to postpone the arrangement.

She is admittedly backward and shy, and the education authorities, who would send her to an institution for mental defectives, have been striving to bring this about while she is still in hospital, although two eminent doctors say that "the case does not appear to be one of mental deficiency."

The opinions of these specialists are backed up by the family doctor, who has known Grace Chalk over a period of many years.

The Barking Education Committee cannot ignore the reports made by these three doctors. When Grace Chalk comes out of hospital again she must be free to follow the career her parents have arranged for her.

HOVEL FOR FAMILY OF EIGHT

SCARCELY credible are the shocking conditions in which Charles Doe and his wife, with a family of six young children, are living in Southdownview Road, Worthing, Sussex. But so far Mr. Doe has turned to the Borough of Worthing for a solution in vain

The authorities have sought for and secured an "ejectment" order against him from a reluctant bench of magistrates, but the scandal remains.

For five years this unfortunate family has eked out an existence in a dilapidated railway carriage, with a converted pantechnicon attached. The road, as the picture on this page depicts, is reminiscent of a Flanders battlefield. Yet it lies on the fringe of a wealthy and progressive borough!

Mrs. Doe is faced with the impossible task of keeping house and a semblance to respectability while the rain drips from the corrugated iron roof into a sea of black mud before her front door.

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Mr. Doe has sought for alternative housing accommodation without being able to find it, since the rents that are asked in the neighbourhood are beyond his means. Council houses have been erected, but the Town Clerk has told the Bench that it is unlikely the Doe family will be allowed to have one!

Before granting the application of the Borough authorities to eject this family into the street, the chairman of the local Bench, Mr. Sams, personally inspected the premises.

It is to the absolute credit of Mrs. Doe that he found the ramshackle dwelling scrupulously clean, and in every way sanitary.

But do the Worthing Authorities view with equanimity the fact that eight persons, six of them young children, are living in this makeshift shed?

Was it necessary to make application in court for an ejectment? Have the housing officials of the Borough of Worthing "considered" the urgent plight of Charles Doe and his family for four long years without arriving at any solution to their problem?

If so, they have little cause for self-congratulation.

Quack And The Pope

PUBLICITY was given recently in certain national newspapers to a statement that a London "specialist" was invited to Rome to treat His Holiness the Pope in his serious illness.

Headings on the news agency message circulating the story were: "London Specialist may treat the Pope"; "Awaiting instructions from the Vatican"; "Light ray treatment to be used in an effort to save the Pope's life."

A great compliment to the British medical faculty if this was so.

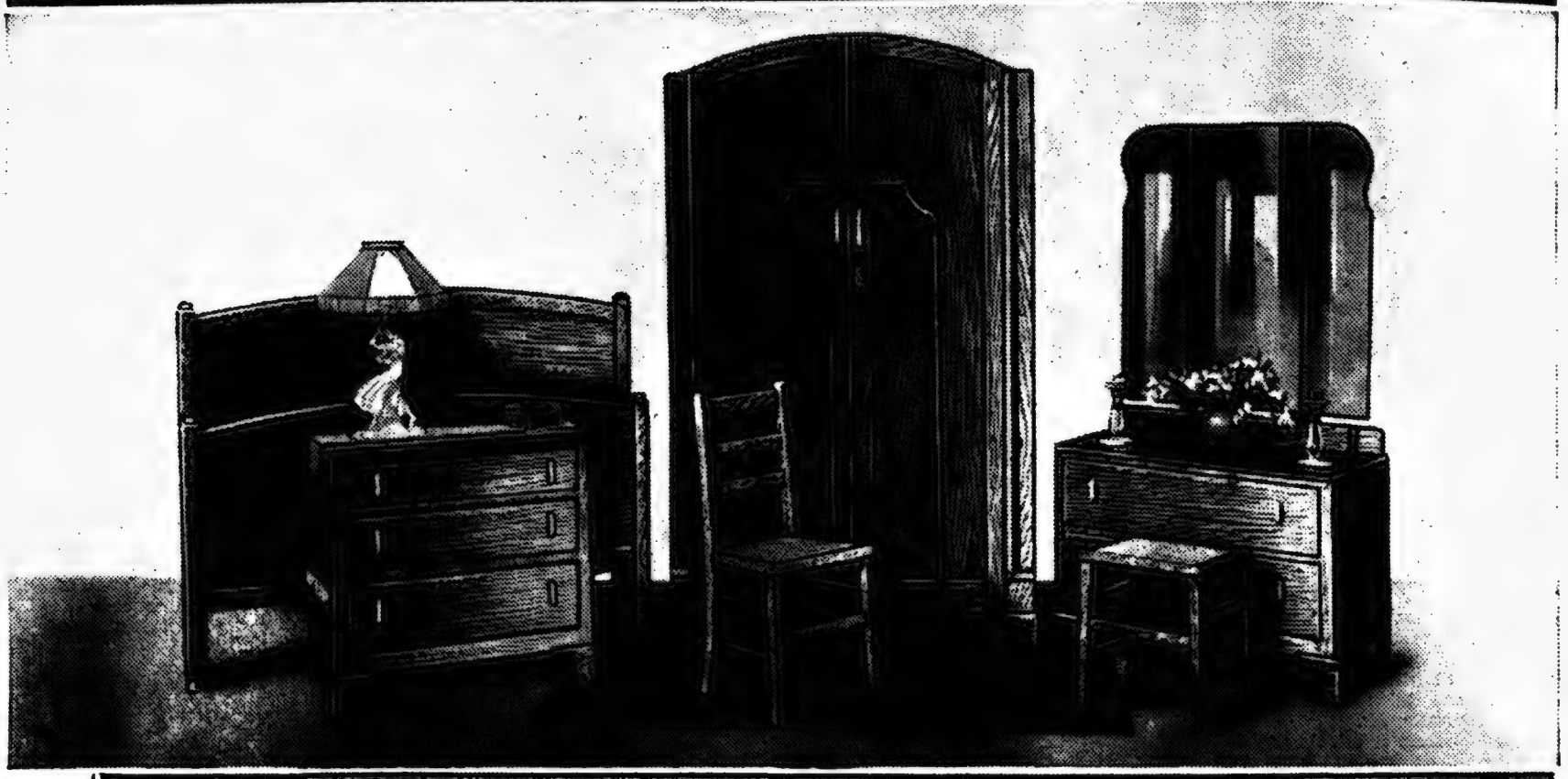
Who was the "specialist"? It was a Dr. Andre Harpman, of St. James's Square, London.

This is curious, for Andre Harpman has no medical degree recognised in this country. He is chief proprietor of the Institute of Autonomic Therapy, a quack curative business which has been criticised in these columns. The institute is a concern run entirely for profit, and secures patients by advertisement or by canvassing through the post.

We have the best authority for stating that the suggestion of Harpman being called to the Vatican is a fantastic one.

The story is untrue. It was just a brazen piece of propaganda.

DRAGES FINE FURNITURE



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Shirking Minister

Private Bodies Asked To Clean Up Pension Mess: Huge Gaps In Factories Bill : Health Service In Decay

He doesn't care!

To Mr. Herwald Ramsbottom, Minister of Pensions

DEAR HERWALD,—So you want other people to do your job as Minister of Pensions! When they have done all the donkey-work you may condescend to give some sort of consideration to the vital claims of thousands, still suffering eighteen years after the war ended, and whose interests you are paid to watch.

You told a deputation of Labour M.P.s that no Government enquiry can be set up to investigate ex-Servicemen's pension grievances until the British Legion and other organisations have made their own enquiries.

I never heard anything so monstrous. What would you think if, say, Scotland Yard refused to investigate a murder until it had seen what a few private enquiry agents could make of it? Preposterous? Of course it is, but so is your attitude.

* * *

Your Ministry cannot plead ignorance. I have brought thousands of cases with genuine grievances to its notice. I have published full details of the worst instances of claims which had either been officially ignored or turned down until my own Pensions Department investigated and secured justice.

If comparative inexperience in your work makes you doubt that thousands of cases of proved injustice and neglect exist, consider this glaring case:—

MR. D. G. ARTHUR, of EBBW VALE, saw seven doctors—so that they could measure the stump of his amputated arm.

This was to determine whether he should receive a 60 per cent. pension or a 70 per cent. pension which JOHN BULL maintains he should have.

At last we won, and the 10 per cent. increase was granted "with considerable hesitation." The fight for this man's arrears of increased pension is not yet won.

* * *

In November last I drew attention to the fact that the British Legion had a long list of cases of war victims whose applications had been turned down by your Ministry until pressure was exercised from other quarters.

That list is still growing.

You cannot, in fact you dare not, be ignorant of the facts. I demand prompt action to wipe out this niggling, chronic injustice.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON, *Home Secretary*

DEAR SIR JOHN,—For more than a quarter of a century millions of workers waited for a Factory Bill that would give them conditions in keeping with all other advances made since the last Factory Act. Now they are in danger of seeing all they fought and hoped for being frittered away at the behest of big business and all the other vested interests.

Provisions whereby women and young persons will be made to work overtime "under pressure of business" make fatal gaps in the Bill.

If you wish to retrieve some of the prestige lost over the sorry happenings while you were Foreign Secretary, now is the chance. Make the Factory Bill a real workers' charter and you will do something to make your name blessed and their lot easier.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. McINTOSH MOWAT, *Dundee*

DEAR MR. MCINTOSH MOWAT,—Not long ago I commented on your rashness in saying that 'flu could be regarded as some form of Divine punishment.

Now I hear that you are a victim of that mysterious illness which is no respecter of persons. What have you been doing that this visitation of Divine displeasure should come your way?

JOHN BULL.

Miss THELMA CAZALET, M.P., *Anti-Free Meals*

DEAR MISS CAZALET,—Yours was an amazing speech when, in the House of Commons, you helped to kill the Labour Party's claim for at least one free meal a day for school children. You come from a very wealthy family, and in the past—for a Tory—you have a good record on social questions. But free meals for children—never!

Yet you had to admit that things were terribly hard in many areas—because local authorities are too poor to take advantage of the powers they already have.

That is only part of the case put forward by Labour, and in degree you and the rest of the Tory Party have admitted it. Free meals in schools are coming. People like you won't prevent it.

JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC HEALTH COMMITTEE, *Ross-shire County Council*

DEAR SIRS,—Sensational and disgraceful is the proper description of the state of affairs revealed in a report sent to you on the administration of public health services on the island of Lewis.

Anywhere on the mainland or farther south this report would have caused a sensation, for the facts are staggering. In Mossend Infectious Diseases Hospital victims of different diseases and of both sexes are treated in the same ward.

Tuberculosis patients can have only the barest treatment; there is no X-ray equipment or any of the apparatus necessary in modern diagnosis. There are fifty cases of blindness caused by cataract—and there is no eye specialist to deal with them.

Venereal diseases are spreading, and present efforts to cope with them are haphazard. You must immediately justify your existence as a Public Health Committee and end the disgrace of Lewis.

JOHN BULL.

Major TRYON, *Postmaster-General*

DEAR SIR,—So your big business made a net profit of £12,539,110 in the year ended March 31 last. And yet I am always being told that you "cannot afford" to increase the pay, or decrease the hours, of the lower grades in the postal service.

This figure shows that this is just bunk. Stand up to Neville Chamberlain for the postmen, clerks and engineers. Don't let the Treasury pinch all that twelve millions odd. The Post Office staffs earned the money. They deserve some of it back.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. INGLEBY ODDIE, *Paddington Coroner*

DEAR MR. ODDIE,—You've got it all wrong. Elderly Mrs. Cooper wasn't just "a victim of bad luck" because she was knocked down and killed when, dressed in black, she was crossing a London road which has old-fashioned lighting.

If there had been proper lights the driver would have seen her.

And it's a damnable scandal, rather than a piece of bad luck, that most of our town streets are so murky after nightfall as to be potential death-traps.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. M. TIBBLES, *North St. Pancras Candidate*

DEAR MR TIBBLES,—You failed by only 268 votes to regain North St. Pancras for the Labour Party. It was a narrow shave.

You ought to have won. The majority of 3,601 at the last General Election should have been turned into a sweeping victory for the forces of progress which the Labour movement represents at the moment.

All sorts of interpretations are being put on the result. I have only one—the policy did not capture the imagination of the voters sufficiently to make them vote for you.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. F. D'ARBLAY BURNEY, *Vicar of Harworth*

REVEREND SIR,—In a frenzy of indignation you have butted in on Harworth mining dispute and have accused the Mineworkers' Federation of trying to "coerce" all miners into joining up

You also denounce the Co-operative Workers' Society for distributing 4s. food vouchers among the strikers, and both these bodies you say are dominated by the same political party.

But what of it? The violence of your outburst shows that your politics are dominated by a party, and one that is not at all interested in the real merits of the dispute or the welfare of the men who want to join the union they prefer.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. CLIFFORD ALLEN, *Psychologist*

DEAR SIR,—I am accustomed to reading strange new ideas for dealing with all kinds of wrongdoers, but your suggestion that children who steal money should have double pocket money sounds rather like Alice in Wonderland.

"Give him sixpences to save as well as pennies to spend," you say. "This will satisfy his natural acquisitiveness and direct it through the right channels."

That advice must be the kind given to those financiers who ultimately appear at the Old Bailey and later are given a long holiday to find out that they are wrong.

JOHN BULL.

St. Valentine's Day

By A Very Special Investigator

SUNDAY is St. Valentine's Day, and not a single Valentine written. It's a serious matter, for I am not one of those half-hearted moderns who can find room for only one person in their hearts at a time. I am one of the world's Great Lovers, and, of course, that means that when St. Valentine's Day comes round a lot of versifying has to be done in a very short space of time.

Anyway, here goes! One of my deepest passions is for Leslie Hore-Belisha. There's a man for you! And is he rich? Do you know he drops his studs about all over the road, and never troubles to pick them up! Here is my Valentine for him:

Colossus of Roads, I adore you—
But how can I reach you, my dear?
I pine to kneel down before you,
But it's crossing three main roads I fear.
There are motors and trams,
Buses, cycles, and prams,
And no beacons anywhere near. . . .

Then there's another man I adore—but I shan't tell you his name. I have a Secret Passion for him.
Who my love is no one knows.

He puffs at a pipe and he's got a large nose.
Of talk he's a real past-master.
But sometimes he seals his lips with plaster.
You'll never guess my true love's name,
But he's my Valentine all the same.

Another chap I've got a Big Feeling for is Sir Adrian Boult. Here's my Valentine for him:

As you bolt through the classics,
Beating time as you go,
Spare a thought for a listener
Who worships you so.
Your charms . . .
Your Brahms . . .
Your Bach . . .
Oh, hark,
Adrian mine,
To my Valentine:

As you tower above your music-stand
Broadcasting for my delight,
My nights shall be made of music and
My music made by a knight.

Another of my Valentines needs no comment:

Oh Neville, my Neville,
If you'll marry me,
I'll pay you my income tax,
Reg-u-lar-ly!

Hearing that George Bernard Shaw has just finished another play called *Geneva* reminded me that I always send him a Valentine. Here is the 1937 edition:

Intellectual adoration,
Cold as ice in frozen gorge,
I offer you in celebration
Of your latest play, dear George.
You wrote your play,
St. Joan, they say,
Because you feared to leave her
To a rival playwright's operations.
You must have penned *Geneva*
To save it from the League of Nations!

And now a passionate love lyric, with which all my fellow film fans will agree:—

Oh, golden, golden, Goldwyn girls,
I love your golden, Goldwyn curls,
Your candid limbs, your flashing legs,
Your pale blue eyes, and all your segs-
Appeal. To be your Valentine
(And with your Goldwyn gold entwine)
I'd cut down (yes, I really could!)
All the trees in Hollywood.

Bless me, if I hadn't nearly forgotten dear Anthony.

Oh, Anthony,
If you could be
As true to me
Perpetually
As you seem to be
To Italy
And Germany,
My heart with thine
I would entwine.
My Valentine.

Saving made easy

How often have you made a resolution to save and then spent the few pounds you managed to put by? How often on these occasions have you wished for some means of saving which would put temptation out of reach?

PRUDENTIAL ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICIES

offer such a way. It is not only a sure method of securing a cash sum at the end of a certain number of years, but is also a profitable investment. In addition, **your life is insured immediately you have made the first payment.**

Here is an actual example. A man took out a Prudential Policy in 1905. He was insured at once for £1,000 and during the whole of the 30 years from 1905 to 1935 **there was this protection for his family.**

On the 2nd December, 1935, a cheque was handed him for £1,519. He had actually paid in premiums, £1,072 . 10 . 0— **so his profit was £446 . 10 . 0.**

Can you lay out your money to better advantage?

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VILLAGE Of *Vanishing* Homes

Two examples of the damage to property done by the slipping coastline —and Whitehall refuses to lift a finger in help

IT is amazing that the report of a Royal Commission—dead, buried and forgotten these twenty-five years—should imperil the homes, the livelihood and the health of a whole village in Suffolk to-day.

Yet it is a fact; a crazy example of how Whitehall government refuses to move in a matter of emergency.

Read the story and marvel at our Civil Service departments.

Six miles from Lowestoft is the village of Kessingland, which spreads itself along the main road to London, and has a small, detached section of about two hundred inhabitants at Kessingland Beach.

Off shore from Kessingland strange things are happening under the sea. The dangerous Barnard Sands—two miles out—are shifting position; moving steadily inward towards the land.

To the south, Covehithe Ness is also "on the run." Its formation is altering. The Ness, under the action of the sea, has travelled two hundred yards to the north: that is, bending in the direction of Kessingland.

Consequently, the set of the tides has changed. High tides with heavy weather bring a mighty attack of the sea on Kessingland Beach.

Within a few months fifty feet of beach have been swallowed, and forty yards depth of cliff has been washed away.

The houses and cottages of Kessingland Beach, once far back from high-tide mark, are now toppling into the sea.

During the past week six families have been ejected from their homes by this sea robbery. The row of cottages in which they lived are balanced at a perilous angle on a cliff edge which is crumbling fast. A short time more and those houses will be in the sea.

Unceasing Toil

The Kessingland lifeboat house is a ruin. The lifeboat has had to be removed elsewhere. There is no Kessingland lifeboat to be launched to shipwrecks on the "Barnards."

More than fifty fishermen are out of work. They have been forced to move their boats and their beach-huts. There is no beach left with a road approach where they can land their catches for transport to Lowestoft market.

Frantically the villagers are working to fight the inrush of the tides. They begin their labours at four in the morning. They carry on long after dark. Sunday brings them no rest.

What they are doing is to lay down protection of bundled faggots—admittedly an inadequate measure, but all they can manage with the funds at their disposal.

And £6,000 is all that is needed to save Kessingland and the country behind it —£6,000 *if it was spent at once* on proper, engineer-designed defences.

Kessingland cannot find that sum of money without outside aid. A penny rate levied on the district brings in only £22. At once the impossibility of £6,000 to a working-class community becomes apparent.

Serious Threat

If adequate defences are not laid down immediately, the danger of sea encroachment extends much farther than Kessingland Beach

Certain it is that if strong storms come with the Spring tides the narrow remaining strip of cliff will be breached. The sea will rush through across the low-lying marsh grazing lands behind.

The waters will engulf a sewage works, and throw the whole drainage system of the area out of operation. Moreover, the sea will reach the main London-Lowestoft-Yarmouth trunk road—Road A.12 in the Ministry of Transport classification—and submerge it.

Let the cliff give way—and it must give way, in the judgment of the local experts—and nothing can prevent untold damage to the countryside. Then many thousands of pounds will be required to repair the damage.

Scores of homesteads will be cut off. A new island may be formed on the Suffolk coast. Road-borne traffic on the highway to the east will cease.

Now regard how Whitehall sits down with complacent officialdom under this very serious and imminent threat.

The danger was foreseen as far back as July of last year, when the Lowestoft Town Council, in conjunction with the Lothlingland Rural District Council, approached the Board of Trade with a request that the President should receive a deputation who would put the position before him and urge the need of Government assistance in the battle against the sea.

It took the Board of Trade *until November 9* to send a reasoned reply. That official letter referred to the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion (appointed in 1906 and reporting in 1911), which declared that coast protection should not be a national charge. That recommendation had remained the policy of Governments, and was the policy of the present Government.

Therefore no useful purpose would be served by the President of the Board of Trade meeting the deputation.

Again the Town Clerk of Lowestoft wrote in December, venturing to draw attention to the fact that the situation had materially altered in the space of twenty-five years.

But the Board of Trade stuck rigidly to its twenty-five-year-old policy. The decision against a deputation was irrevocable, but the Board did suggest that the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries or the Ministry of Transport might be interested.

Neither of these offices, however, showed any disposition to help. The Ministry of Transport pointed out that it did not take over the trunk roads of the country until April, and therefore why should it worry overmuch about the London-Yarmouth highway until then?

Meanwhile—as the problem was passed from one Whitehall department to another, always with the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion obtruding its venerable head—a storm on January 18-19 swept away another large slice of Kessingland Beach and cliff, shattering the safety of further homes.

Pathetic the plight of villagers whose homes are lost to the sea. Many of them cannot secure other accommodation. They are dependent on the kindness of neighbours for a roof to cover them.

There is poor old William Doddington. For sixty-two years "man and boy" he lived in a spick-and-span cottage on Kessingland cliff. He remembers when a hundred yards of cliff and shingle stretched between his front door and high-tide level.

Cannot Leave

He stands and grieves, watching his empty home of memories cracking and breaking as the sea cuts a cave beneath its foundations.

With his family he has been given rooms in a holiday bungalow. Soon the owner will need the place himself, and the old man will have nowhere to live.

Each day Doddington goes back to his old cottage. He cannot tear himself away. "This is my home," he says, "and I never thought to leave it until they carried me out. I gained my living from the sea since boyhood and now the sea has robbed me of everything."

So sudden was the sea attack on one terrace of six cottages that the families therein had to clear out their furniture and possessions with feverish haste.

Before the January storms died the cottages were brimming over the cliff edge. Every house on the south cliff is now derelict and tenantless. More than £5,000 is lost in the value of recently damaged property.

It is intolerable that the villagers of Kessingland Beach should be forced to struggle against the overwhelming sea encroachment without aid. Their small resources can never meet the peril.

Yet, as we have said, £6,000 would save the village.

Let the ravages of the sea continue and ten times that amount will have to be expended before long.

A Royal Commission reached a decision in 1911.

Because of that the Whitehall departments say: "We are not concerned with your risks, your hardships and your losses. It is your sea, not ours. You cannot receive any Government assistance. Thank you for writing and calling, but Good day!"

Was there ever a more scandalous farce in administration?

VERY DEEP POOL SCHEME

"WILL you come into the cosy warmth of wealth and plenty, or will you remain out in the cold and discomfort of poverty and lack?" asks P. C. Hughes in a yellow booklet sent out from Highbury House, Clarkson Avenue, Weston-super-Mare.

P. C. Hughes is not a policeman, but a promoter of a concern called International Sporting Pools, of Victoria Street, Bristol. He offers to show all and sundry how to make a large and regular income of from £200 to £10,000 without worry, work or loss.

Mr. Hughes is an optimist, but according to his own account, his business of gathering pence, shillings and pounds from a multitude of people in stakes on the prospects of football teams, has increased by 3,000 per cent. since August last.

He is making money so fast that he is seeking 5,000,000 investors to share his good fortune. He is sending out what he is pleased to describe as a "Letter-Reply Form" containing an invitation to invest sums from £10 upwards for the commencement of operations at once.

With Mr. Hughes, you get back on the swings what you lose on the roundabouts, or, to use his own words, "You may lose on the sporting side, but you stand to gain on the business side every week."

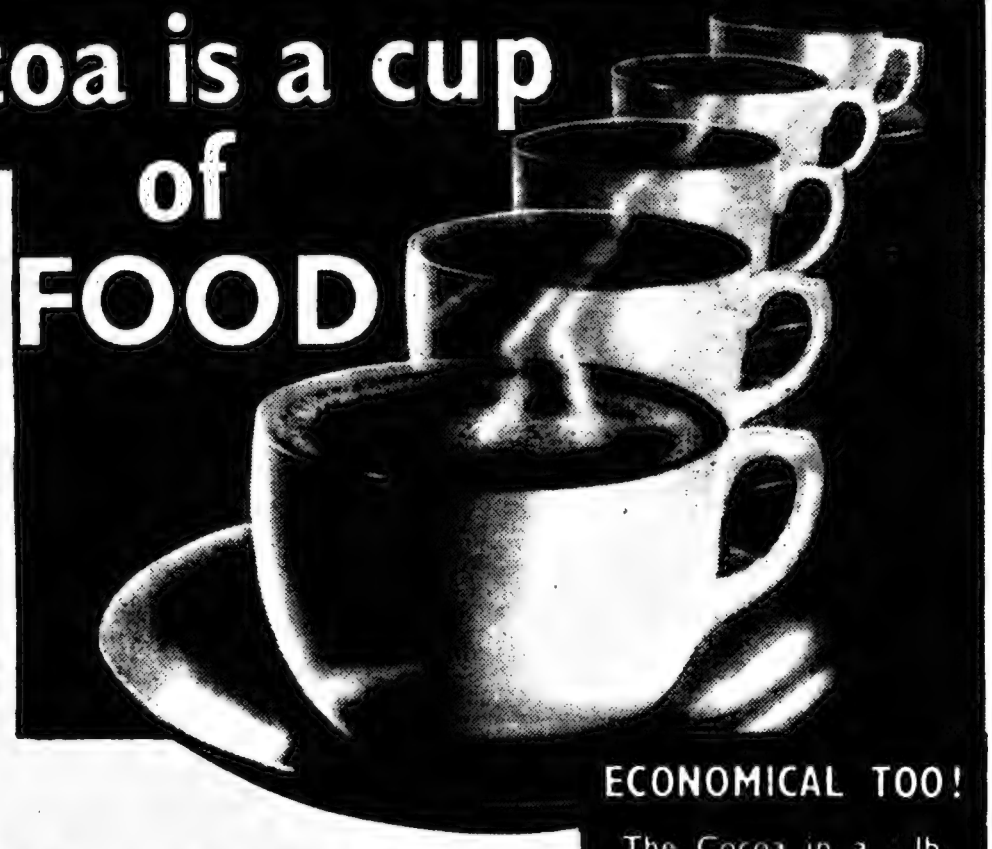
He has gone so far as to work out a scale of returns upon investments of sums up to £2,000, showing that if only £25 is put up, the lucky speculator stands to net a return of 10s. a week.

Truly his football pool is different from any other.

He has decided that the best plan of operations is to form a public company with shares at £1 each, and he requires finance to begin operations though he admits his company is not yet registered!

His offer is one it is best to ignore.

A cup of Cocoa is a cup of FOOD



Wise mothers know what a grand drink Bournville Cocoa is. Not only because children and grown-ups love it but because it does them so much good. Bournville Cocoa is sheer nourishment—gives energy and strength. And how's this for economy? **—A 5½d. tin of Bournville makes 28 cups of Cocoa.**

Try making 'Cocoa Whisk.' It's the delicious new drink you can make with Bournville. Full directions on every tin.

ECONOMICAL TOO!

The Cocoa in a ¼ lb. tin works out at about

5 cups a 1D

This is typical

CADBURY VALUE

Cadburys
BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE FOOD-DRINK OF THE PEOPLE

Gift Coupons in every tin

5½D per ¼ lb.

10D per ½ lb. tin.

Shopping for Health means
SHREDDED WHEAT

Women with children at school and with husbands or sons whose work compels them to face all weathers know how true this is. For Shredded Wheat is crammed full of Nature's richest and most perfect form of nourishment that fortifies and strengthens the system and provides that precious inner warmth so needed in winter! And not only do you shop for Health when you buy Shredded Wheat. You shop for Enjoyment and Economy, too. For everyone delights in the delicious wheaten flavour of Shredded Wheat and every woman finds it a boon in saving time and work in the kitchen. This is because Shredded Wheat needs no cooking and is always ready to serve, hot or cold, as sweet or savoury. You, too, should make Shredded Wheat a regular household order.

THE BIGGEST PACKET OF FOOD-VALUE AND HEALTH-VALUE IN THE SHOPS TO-DAY

Three Trusted Friends . .

The KING'S WISE MEN

FACED with the tremendous task of ruling the mightiest Empire the world has ever known at little more than a moment's notice, King George VI turned to old and tried advisers for help.

There was Lord Wigram, one of the wisest as well as one of the oldest-in-service of the Royal advisers; Major Alexander Hardinge, another of the secretaries who served the King's father for many years; and Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, Comptroller of the King's Household since first he set up house on his own.

Others, too, there are, but it was to these three the King turned in his need.

For twenty-five years Lord Wigram served the King's father in a personal capacity, for it was in 1910 that Major Clive Wigram, as he then was, was appointed Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary.

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But his service goes even further back than that, for he joined the Royal service actually when he was appointed assistant to the chief of staff during King George V's tour of India as Prince of Wales in 1905-6.

From the time he was appointed Equerry, Lord Wigram gave his whole life to the service of his Royal master. No man knew more of the inner workings of the Monarchy, and none could guard those secrets more closely than Lord Wigram.

More and more did the then King come to rely on him to keep him informed of any movement in the diplomatic or political world, and Lord Wigram never failed him.

A knighthood was conferred on him shortly after he took up his duties in the Royal Household, and his Barony was conferred on him in Jubilee year.

King George V appointed him one of the executors of his will, and it was not until he had completed that last duty that, at the age of 63, he asked to be relieved, and was appointed Keeper of the King's Archives, Deputy-Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle by King Edward.

It was to this wise adviser that the King first called, a call that Lord Wigram answered at once, and was appointed Permanent Lord-in-Waiting.

Since then the King has come to rely more and more upon him, keeping him close to his person and constantly consulting him.

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Once more is the old courtier the liaison officer between the King and diplomatic, political and City circles.

Another tried adviser is Major Hardinge, Assistant Private Secretary to the King's father from 1920 until his death. He was appointed Principal Private Secretary by King Edward on his accession.

Throughout the difficult days of the constitutional crisis he was constantly on duty at Buckingham Palace.

He remained at his desk until late in the evening, and afterwards was in touch by telephone from his house in St. James' Palace. Now he has been appointed Private Secretary to the new King, and has gone to India to arrange details of the Durbar to be held in the autumn.

Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke was appointed Comptroller to the Duke of York and Equerry in 1924, two years after he retired from the Navy.

A typical Navy man, Admiral Brooke can always be relied on for a straight answer to a question, and friends of the King say it is this characteristic more than any other which constitutes his attraction for the King.

However that may be, the King as Duke of York turned always to him in a difficulty, and now, as King, he still depends much on his advice.

These are the men then on whom the King principally relies to help him in his difficult task, and under their advice he is moving slowly, deliberately, to emphasise the complete continuity of the monarchical tradition, despite the shock given to it by the abdication.

King George likes to have a thing down on paper. Likes to have a written record of all that transpires between himself and his Cabinet. Like his great-grandmother. For Queen Victoria was a great adherent of the memorandum system.

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But don't think that formality rules supreme. It does not.

The King of England's home is still a numbered house in a terrace. There isn't even an armed guard before the door—only an ordinary policeman pacing to and fro on the pavement: and private visitors still walk or drive unchallenged up to the modest doorway a biscuit-toss from the turmoil of Piccadilly.

In a few weeks, however, the move to the more ceremonious quarters of Buckingham Palace will be made. The King has found time, amid all the welter of work that surrounds him, to draw up plans, with the Queen, for the redecoration and furnishing of the rooms they will occupy—great airy rooms on the first floor.

It's a marvel that he did find time; especially when you think of the complex planning—apart from State business—that the huge programme of Coronation Year engagements alone has involved. And the King is paying a very close personal attention to every aspect of the celebrations.

It is known, for instance, that he takes a very grave view of the profiteering that is threatened by hotel-keepers, restaurateurs, purveyors of seats to view the procession, and others.

The festivities are giving Britain a big chance to establish herself still more firmly as a centre for foreign tourist traffic. If the junketing is to be of a pattern that only the rich can afford, then the chance will be lost.

The King knows it, and it is possible that he will urge his Ministers to take steps to stop anything in the nature of a general ramp.

Let's hope, too, that he will point out to his Government advisers that the Coronation will still only be a rich man's "treat" if the poor man is to have a compulsory holiday *without pay*.

He probably has pointed it out. For he knows a great deal more about the life of the working-man and woman of this country than, say, Mr. Baldwin, or—whisper it low!—even Mr. Ernest Brown. Will it be any good if he does? Well. We-l-l-l—what happened at the Jubilee in similar circumstances? Precisely nothing?

Just nothing. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Brown and the rest get their pay-docket all the same—holiday or no—and there you are!

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So far as is humanly possible, the King will save himself up during the next few weeks in view of the immense strain on nervous and physical energy that the three Coronation months will exact. He will need to.

Meantime, in that rather ordinary-looking house in that rather ordinary terrace of large London houses the Queen is busy—like a good housewife—working out details of "The Move." You know all about it—deciding where the big Chinese porcelain vases shall go in the new home: where the French tapestry: where the favourite pieces of furniture.

The latest portrait of the King and Queen

This Week's INCREDIBLE STORY

ONE of the beneficent provisions of the Road Traffic Act is that which regulates the continuous number of hours a man may drive a commercial lorry, and requires him to take a rest for half an hour after five and a half hours at the wheel.

Last August, while on a 350-mile road journey from Buckie, in the north-east of Scotland, to North Shields, Northumberland, a man named Robert Connell omitted to stop for the thirty minutes of leisure conceded to him by the law.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He didn't do so simply because he began the journey at five o'clock on a Sunday morning, and when the first rest became due, towards midday, none of the roadside cafés at which drivers usually halt was open.

Now, after all that time, Connell has been hauled before the sheriff in his native district and accused and convicted.

But that fact is only incidental to the grim story of the crime—the story of the methods by which Connell was detected.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

From the moment he set off from the north of Scotland, he was aware that he was being followed by a motor-car with two people inside. What he did not know was that they were officers of the Ministry of Transport.

He could scarcely be expected to suppose that Government officials would be on the prowl in that quiet corner of Scotland at five o'clock on the Sabbath morning.

After some hours—he had already committed the small offence—Connell did stop, and asked the men in the car if they were trailing him for any purpose. They said they were not. That was monstrous.

As the man told the sheriff, it was like a policeman watching someone being strangled and waiting until he was murdered.

Across the Dee, Tay, Forth, Tweed and Tyne the super-detectives of the Ministry pursued Connell.

And when he reached North Shields, they lay in wait until he resumed his journey back to the north of Scotland, and again took up the hunt.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

They crossed twelve counties twice. Sneaked behind the lorry for more than 700 miles in all. Three days of relentless, hot-foot tracking.

Eight months later they have presented their man to the sheriff.

He has been fined—fifteen shillings.

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CHOICE WINES at a Bargain Price. An exceptional offer is made in this week's "Shop Window" on page 3 of 3 full-size bottles of wine (Sherry, Port and Cocktail) in a smart attache case, for 12/6, carriage paid. A positive saving of 25 per cent. The offer is fully described and illustrated in the advt. of Messrs. Fred Anderton & Co., Ltd., on page 3.

COMPLETE Chimney Sweeping and Drain Cleaning Machine, 12/6 only—a bargain advertised in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 3. It pays to shop by post!

A MILNES RECEIVER is both a handsome piece of furniture and a highly efficient instrument for providing first-class radio entertainment. The cabinets are gracefully proportioned and modern in design, made from choice figured Walnut and French-polished by hand. The receivers are designed to bring in, strongly and cleanly, scores of British and Continental broadcasts and to give, as nearly as possible, a perfect reproduction of the studio performance. Only the highest quality components are used in Milnes Receivers; each set is tested before it leaves the works far more drastically than it ever will be in use and is GUARANTEED TWELVE MONTHS.

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J.11

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DO you suffer from Headaches or Neuralgia? Cephos, the Physician's Remedy, gives instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In Powders or Tablets.—Send p.c. for Free Sample to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

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A FREE sample of Bisodol Powder or Tablets is offered in the announcement on page 38

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. V4), 15, Thames House, Millbank, S.W.1. See p. 36

EVERY man and woman should get a free copy of a most helpful and informative booklet which is offered by the makers of Iron Jelloids, the famous tonic remedy, which has been recommended by Doctors for over 40 years. Learn how more iron will make you vigorously healthy and strong by filling in the coupon on page 35 for a copy of this new free booklet or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Iron Jelloid Co., Dept. J2, Watford, Herts.

FREE to Rheumatism Sufferers! Generous Free Sample packet of "Herves," which clears and expels Uric Acid from the system.—Write for supply to-day. For address see p. 35.

RELIABLE remedies for many common ailments. Turn to the Shadforth advt. on page 20.

A FREE packet of Innerclean to test a new secure way to internal cleanliness. For constipation and irregularity of the system, this simple and pleasant blend of herbs. Simply send the coupon in the Innerclean advertisement on page 34 with 2d. in stamps to cover postage to Messrs. Brooks & Warburton, Ltd., Dept. J., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

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GOOD SPEECH is an essential to success. Your Gramophone and our Course of Records will teach you the technique of good speech. Complete Course 1gn.; post free.—The Advanced School of Spoken English, 392, Strand, Ldn. WC2

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WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy of Prospectus and full particulars of how you can invest your savings in the Leicester Permanent Building Society, whose announcement appears on page 31. Address your enquiry to the Head Office, Welford House, Welford Place, Leicester.

FREE. — Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 35.

THE Endowment Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. are specially designed to meet the needs of *John Bull* readers. They provide protection for your wife or your children, and an income for the man himself after the age of 60. Fill in and post the coupon on page 14 for further particulars. You may never regret it.

SWAFFER *Denounces*

WICKED *Labour Exchange* SCANDALS

Here they are waiting, hoping, for a job . . . and if they succeed the employment exchange manager will get less pay — placing a premium on his integrity which should not be there

YOU would not believe it, but under the system for which Ernest Brown is responsible, since he is Minister of Labour, a manager of an employment exchange who finds a job for a workless man gets less pay because he has done it!

Yes, these managers are remunerated according to the number of people registered at their offices. The more out-of-works there are on their books, the more money they get.

The system actually tends to induce managers to be oblivious to the needs of the unemployed, as, if they find one of them work, they personally lose part of their pay.

"I am not suggesting that this proviso weighs definitely in tending to make an official neglect opportunities of placing people in employment or that it does not," a branch manager told me, "but the common sense of it is that it places a premium on his integrity which should not be there.

"No one can blame him for first considering his own needs. The system operates to the definite disadvantage of those for whom it was instituted—the unemployed. We branch managers are not established Civil Servants. We have no permanency. We have no pension.

"If we made as much hay as possible while the sun of unemployment shone in our area, we could not be blamed. We get no holiday. If we want one, we have to pay for a substitute. If we cannot afford a holiday, we go sick, which again means that we lose money.

"*Could any scheme be more crazy?*"

But there is something worse than this about employment exchanges — the terrible truth that, if a man has lost employment through no fault of his own it is possible for a spiteful employer to prevent him from receiving unemployment benefit! If he doesn't like his former workman, he can get "his own back on him"—and he often does.

ANY PRETEXT

The Minister of Labour, you see, asks an employer to give the reason why his worker has left him. According to the law, he is subject to no penalty, even if he lies. He can bring any charge against his victim, if he cares to do so.

While, if a false statement is made by a workless man when he claims benefit, he is liable to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, the employer can tell any lie he likes. If he blames the worker, that unfortunate man is often suspended from benefit for a long period —and all the time he is powerless.

Now, Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour, has in his office abundant evidence of the prevalence of this scandal. Yet he makes no move to alter the law.

What I am complaining of is no small thing. It happens frequently.

Sometimes a worker protests against sweating. Perhaps he complains about some evasion of the Factory Acts. He may point out that the machinery is not properly guarded. He may even commit that terrible crime of attempting to organise his fellow workers in some trade union.

Then soon after, he is dismissed under some pretext—and he is further punished by being lied about when he applies for unemployment benefit!

Sometimes employers do not go to the length of lying—they merely withhold information.

"Why did So-and-So leave your service?" some Ministry of Labour official asks. The employer does not answer. No law can make him.

Then the Ministry far too often interprets such silence on the part of the employer as a desire to conceal some misconduct of which his employee has been guilty. So the unfortunate workless man is deprived of benefit for many weeks—and his family suffers with him.

Let me quote the case of George Lloyd Edwards, of 39, Stockwell Gardens, London. He is twenty-six years old, a married man with three children and a spotless record.

After long unemployment, he accepted a job to drive a motor van and act as salesman at £2 a week, plus a small commission.

When, the other week, he was told by a member of the firm employing him that his accounts had a deficiency of 12s. 6d.—he had, it was alleged, received from customers two payments totalling that amount which he had not paid in—he denied this and demanded a re-examination of his accounts.

Next pay-day, Edwards found that 12s. 6d. had been deducted from his low wages. When he went to the manager's office and protested that this was improper and illegal, the charge was still maintained.

When Edwards demanded that his employer should telephone for the police and lay a charge of embezzlement against him, so that the matter could be investigated in open court, and so that if he were found guilty he could be punished, he was told: "Get out. Don't go near our garage again."

As he had to go to the garage for the van on which his livelihood depended, this was tantamount to instant dismissal. Next day, Edwards signed on at the employment exchange and told the officials how he had lost his job.

The Ministry asked the employer to attend at the hearing of the case. He did not do so. He did not send a representative. He did not even write. For no other reason, the Ministry regarded all this as highly suspicious.

When Edwards saw how things were going, he asked if he could be represented by the solicitor he had consulted regarding the deduction from his pay. The Ministry refused this request.

Edwards was condemned unheard. He was refused liberty to appeal to the insurance umpire. Without any more enquiry, he was suspended from benefit for six weeks.

During this time, his wife and children have to go short. Can you beat this?

Yes, you can beat it. Under Ernest Brown's administration, the Ministry of Labour has become a law unto itself, the worst of all the Whitehall bureaucracies.

I know the case of a man aged thirty-five, married, and with a family. I cannot give his address because he has none. He is homeless because of the Ministry's criminal stupidity. His wife has "gone to relations." The man himself sleeps in a common lodging-house.

Once, this unfortunate belonged to a good family, and so had a first-class education. Yet nearly eighteen years ago, when he was only seventeen, he came under the bad influence of an older man, a flying officer, and improperly "negotiated" a £10 cheque. Although convicted, he was released at the end of the case.

Joining the Army, he was transferred to the Reserve, after seven years of service with an exemplary character. The fact that he was a sergeant for the last four years proved the way in which he had made good after his boyish lapse.

BETTER THAN 'DOLE'

The Army authorities did not know his secret. Until quite recently, he always supposed that only he and the police shared it. But then he went into civil life.

Had he remained in employment, that might have been so to-day. He had so rehabilitated himself, in fact, that, while a temporary clerk in the Ministry of Labour, he was entrusted with over £1,500 every week.

This job lost because unemployment lessened, he got a chance a fortnight ago in a transport warehouse—only 38s. a week for fifty-four hours, it is true, but better than "the dole." Then, after a week of this job, he was sent for by a manager, who told him that the firm had made its usual enquiries regarding him at the Ministry of Labour.

The Ministry had discovered that, years before, when he was a boy of seventeen, he had been convicted on the cheque charge, and so had told the man's new employer. So, in consequence, he was sacked. Now he is back on the streets, "on the dole" again, and homeless

Now, Scotland Yard itself would not give away information of this kind if a man had made good. *What right has the Minister of Labour to do so?*

Recently, in a chapel at Pontypridd, as Arthur Jenkins, M.P., reminded him in the House of Commons, Ernest Brown preached a sermon on "Feed My lambs."

Yet, under Brown's administration of the Ministry of Labour, employment exchanges are falling more and more into disrepute. Too often, only the worst kind of employers, those on the hunt for cheap labour, go to the exchanges for workpeople.

As the unemployed must register continually for work, which is seldom forthcoming, or "lose benefit," they are often compelled, because of the Ministry of Labour's regulations, to perform sweated labour.

HOPES DASHED

Again, if, as often happens, unemployed men get jobs by post on their own initiative in distant parts of the country, they go to their exchange, report their success, sign off from "the dole" and, because they have no means, ask for a railway voucher so that they can reach their job. Always they are refused.

Ernest Brown, of "Feed My lambs" fame, allows rail vouchers to be issued only when the job is found through one of the employment exchanges. This very seldom happens.

Most of the cases of those who ask for railway vouchers are those who have found jobs for themselves. So their new-found hopes are dashed away. Without even the funds to pay their fares, they have to refuse the jobs. Back they go "on the dole" again.

Now, these are only a few odd cases. Ernest Brown went to the Ministry of Labour, with much trumpeting, months ago.

"He has such a loud voice," they say, "that he can shout down any opposition."

But soon even his strident voice will be drowned in the general voice of protest that is arising in all parts of the land.

You Can Save Pounds!

AN Entirely New Work—hundreds of new things you can make and do yourself—the greatest money-saving volume in the world—no wonder JOHN BULL's stupendous home presentation—"The Practical Man's Book of Things to Make and Do"—is in such great demand.

This book—with 672 pages and more than 1,000 easy-to-understand photographs, plans, drawings and diagrams—will save pounds for you. It will help you to do a thousand-and-one jobs, from panelling a room to enamelling a bath or building a greenhouse. If you have not yet applied for your copy, do so at once.

Readers who send immediately for this book will receive free with their volumes a budget of six sheets of large-size working drawings for making a number of valuable and useful articles for the home. This work has never before been published. You would gladly pay £1 1s. for it, yet it is offered to JOHN BULL readers at the low Privilege Presentation price of only 2s 9d., plus 1s., which includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

The edition is limited and copies will be reserved and dispatched to applicants in strict rotation. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy of "The Practical Man's Book of Things to Make and Do" at once.

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CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices **6d.** (36), **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

Booklet (J.B. 222) price 2d. post free.

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The New Chest and Lung Tonic.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth Prescription No. 617.

Price 3s. per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

Mr. Shadforth's Book on Coughs and Chest Troubles (No. J.B.203), price 2d. post free.

CHILBLAINS

Keep the body warm by exercise, friction and clothing. Don't live in hot rooms and get warm by going too near fires. Use any or all of the following—directions with each:—

(1) **Chilblain Ointment (No. 581),** for unbroken Chilblains. Price **1/3.**

(2) **Chilblain Tablets (No. 586K),** for increasing the density of the blood. Price **1/9** and **3/3.**

(3) **Birch Tar Soap,** for washing and stimulating the skin **(No. 630).** Price **1/-.**

(4) **Heart Tonic (No. 632)** for stimulating the circulation of the blood. Price **2/6** and **4/6.**

The Shadforth Booklet on Chilblains (No. J.B.325) price 2d. post free.

KILL CATARRH & COLD NOW

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

Shake off Catarrh, and Cold in the Nose before they get a real grip on your constitution! Try this famous and reliable remedy, which has worked wonders in thousands of cases. It is the **"Shadforth" Triplex Catarrh Treatment (Prescription No. 331/T),** which penetrates the system, and completely expels all harmful poison naturally and easily. Ask to-day for the Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment. **Prescription No. 331/T.** Prices **2/9** and **4/6.**

Let it do for YOU what it has done for others who are now quite well.

Special Book on Catarrh (No. J.B. 321). Price 2d., post free.

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

(Prescription 565K)

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thingeverymorning.** Tasteless with your Tea,

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free in airtight canisters, **3d., 6d., and 1/-.**

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

THANKS TO "WHITE LIONS"

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heart-burn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the Shadforth Acidity Prescription (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions," **Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.** Prices: **6d.** (24), **1/6** (72), **2/6** (144), **7/-** (432 Lions).

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free on receipt of 2d. stamp.

Make Your Mealtimes Happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG

Lower your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 1106T.** Prices: **2/6** and **5/6.**

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.342) price 2d. post free.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: **1/-** (25), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B.320) price 2d. post free.

HÆMORRHOIDS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT.

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Hæmorrhoids, Constipation, Sluggish Liver, and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete Fourfold Pile Treatment No. 394/DD.** Price **7/9.**

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B.325) price 2d. post free.

WHEN the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take **"Shadphos"** Tonic Tablets. They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS.

There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

Equally Good for Men, and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets **(Prescription 470).**

Prices: **1/-** (12), **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100).

Write for the Special Number of "Health News," dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. J.B.323) price 2d. post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1389).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices **6d., 1/-** and **1/9.**

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 702N).** Price **2/6.**

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B.272) price 2d. post free.

STOP KIDNEY TROUBLE

WHY THOSE DISTURBED NIGHTS!

It must not go on. Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. And during the day—whilst you are employed—this soothing work will proceed. Until you have tried **"Shadforters"** you may be enduring endless suffering and misery—mental as well as physical. **"Shadforters"** will help you. And there is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing **"Shadforters"**—for many years known as Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters. **Prescription No. 285**—have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles. Try them to-night. Ask for **"Shadforters."** Prices **1/6** (25), **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13 -** (300).

The Special Shadforth Booklet on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B.326) price 2d., post free.

HEADACHE

SCIATICA, NEURITIS.

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. **Prices 6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Casket (No. 622A).** Prices **3/-** (6) and **5/9** (12).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. J.B.236) price 2d. post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

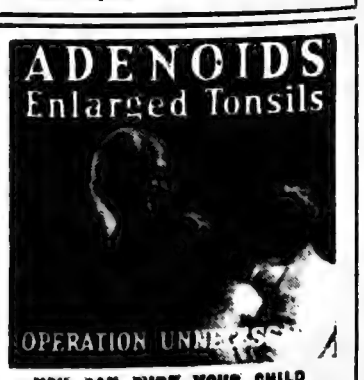
100 P.C. PURITY. 100 P.C. VITALITY.

HERE is the Shadforth known, admitted and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It renews the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1262).** Prices **2/6, 4/6** and **13/-.**

CORNS

WASH the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 940**—cost **1/-**). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve **(No. 891**—cost **7½d.**).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Corns" (J.B.307) Free on request.



YOU CAN CURE YOUR CHILD without the surgeon's knife or the loss of one drop of blood by means of the **"SHADFORTH" KNIFELESS TREATMENT FOR ADENOIDS AND ENLARGED TONSILS.** This most successful treatment has been drawn up by a distinguished doctor, and it can be carried out easily at home, and in any part of the world. It is claimed to be one of the most recent advances of medical treatment; it has saved hundreds of operations, and costs only **7/6,** with full directions. Ask for the **"Shadforth" Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD.** Septic Tonsils and Adenoids **(No. 331/TAD** Septic **Tonsils and Nasal Obstruction in Adults are** also conquered without operation, Pain, or loss of blood.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Adenoids" (No. J.B.288), price 2d. post free.

All Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable from your nearest chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., or privately packed and post free at these prices from:

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd., Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B. 75), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3, and Branches

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A. G. GARDINER

Hitler: An Appeal And A Warning

IN venturing to address you personally and publicly, dear Herr Hitler, I do so as the most convenient way of conveying to you what I believe is the main current of feeling in this country in regard to Germany.

It is important that you should be informed on that point. For, as we are not living under a dictatorship either of the Right or the Left, it is the public opinion of this country with which you have to reckon.

Our people are free, our Press is free, and our Parliament is free, and whatever happens between your country and mine will happen, so far as we are concerned, by the will of the people as a whole.

Do not make the mistake which your predecessor, the ex-Kaiser, made in 1914. Do not suppose that because we are a self-governing democracy, hating militarism, passionately devoted to peace and permitting the fullest discussion of every point of view, that we are therefore, in Mussolini's phrase, "soft."

Faced in 1914 by a supreme crisis in human affairs, this nation came together almost as one man, with the result you know. If, unhappily, a like challenge comes again, it will be met by the same solid front, and, I believe, with the same result. Freedom is a stronger cement than tyranny.

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On this point I would direct your attention to the story of our rearmament. It was delayed for months, for years, by the overwhelming sentiment of the nation, in the hope that our example would lead Europe into the path of peace and disarmament.

It was delayed until the peril had become so imminent that it could be no longer ignored. When that moment came the nation with one voice accepted a necessity which it hated and which it had vainly striven to keep at bay.

From whence did that necessity come? It came from the revelation that Prussian militarism, which had been overwhelmed in 1918, was once more becoming a menace to Europe, that the whole energies of Germany were being directed to one purpose and one purpose only, that of making her the military dictator of the Continent.

In a word, we are rearming because you have compelled us to rearm. You have willed a race in armaments, and we have been drawn irresistibly into that dreadful current.

You may say that Germany did not begin it. She was disarmed at the Peace and enveloped with Powers armed to the teeth. Her most reasonable demands were refused and her claim to "equality" was denied. She was to wear the stigma of the broad arrow for all time, and even the League which should have brought her back into the community of nations became an instrument for keeping her under the harrow.

All this is true. It is because it is true that the people of this country, while they loathe your system of government, recognise that in delivering Germany from that intolerable servitude you did what we, in the same circumstances, should have done and what every great people would be impelled to do.

But two wrongs don't make a right. Having emancipated Germany from an insane and impossible subjection, you have made her once more the aggressor.

You have repudiated the League of Nations which, with your new-won equality, you could have converted into a real guarantee of collective peace.

You have broken up the Disarmament Conference which might have set the face of Europe towards the light.

You have made your country a vast arsenal in which every activity is directed to the preparation for war.

You have allied yourself with two other great militant Powers, Italy and Japan.

Your activities in Spain and your recognition of the rebels have gravely prejudiced the wise policy of M. Blum which has so far, happily, prevented the flames of that volcano setting Europe in a blaze.

You have refused that economic and financial collaboration with other Powers that is needed to restore the currents of trade to the world.

Your Four-Year Plan is an instrument of war which, in seeking self-sufficiency, isolates Germany economically from the society of nations.

You have applied the money that belongs to your creditors to the manufacture of more arms and still more arms.

Your exchange restrictions have the same motive—to force production into internal channels for military aggrandisement.

And as if your acts were not enough to fill the world with alarms, you explain that you have consecrated yourself to a holy war against a rival dictatorship. You are the St. George who is to deliver the world, not only from Jewry, but from Bolshevism. You propose to divide Europe into two camps and to mobilise the Fascist-Nazi camp for an undying war on Soviet Russia. And in this midsummer madness you invite this country to take part.

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May I appeal to you to renounce this fantastic nonsense? The people of this country have no more intention of interfering in the domestic government of Russia than they have of interfering in the domestic government of your country.

In the abstract, they dislike both systems equally. Being free themselves, they hate dictatorship and tyranny elsewhere, whether of the Fascist or the Communist brand.

But the internal affairs of other countries are not our business, nor are they yours. They are the business of the peoples concerned. We know the antidote to both forms of tyranny. It is that democratic freedom which this country enjoys, and will continue to enjoy, despite the antics of its Mosleys and Pollitts.

Dismiss from your mind the notion that you have a divine mission to whip the world into your particular brand of political and economic dictatorship. Above all, dismiss the idea that the people of this country are likely ever to be your partners in such a fatuous crusade.

It is not the internal economy of other countries which is our concern. It is their external policy. Are they good Europeans? Do they wish to live at peace with their neighbours? Are they willing to join in the task of organising security and abolishing war?

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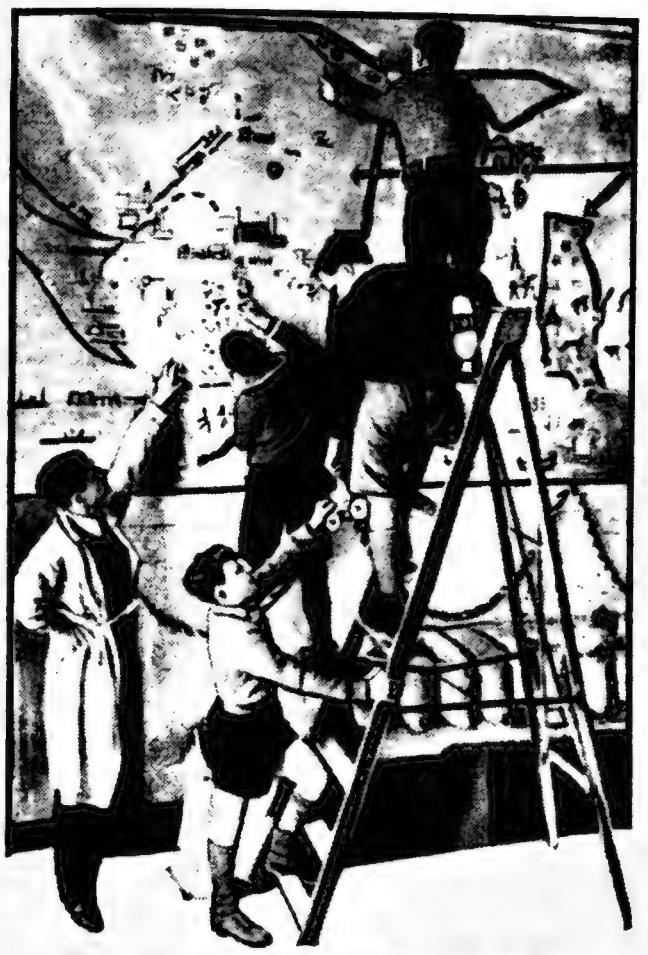
If they answer these questions satisfactorily, not merely in words but in deeds, we are as indifferent whether they are Fascists or Communists as whether they are Catholics or Protestants, white men or yellow men.

It is to these questions that we await an answer from you. It is because we have waited so long with no other answer than that of your menacing preparations for war that we have unwillingly embarked on the expenditure of hundreds of millions in counter-preparations.

We want to stop that waste, though we can afford it far better than you can. But we shall not stop it until you call a halt to your present policy, until we can trust you, until we have assurance that you have ceased to be a danger to the peace of Europe.

Give that assurance in deeds. Come back into the counsels of Europe. The door of Geneva is open to you. The Disarmament Conference awaits only your coming to be revised. Let us blot out the past. In that past we have all sinned. Let us bury it and turn to the common task of saving European civilisation from final catastrophe.



Colony Conscious: Berlin schoolboys who made an "exhibition" of Germany's former colonies, at work on a display of what was once German South-West Africa

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Just A Human Story...

This Is Motherhood

DOG'S-EARED papers distributed through the files of London's public assistance committees during the last fourteen years tell a wonderful story of Motherhood.

It begins with a mother, father and their twelve young children living in two rooms. Came applications for outdoor relief due to the husband's drinking habits. Soon the man who should have been the breadwinner was a breadwinner no longer.

By the end of 1923 even the day and night scrubbing and charing of the poor mother didn't yield enough to enable her to keep her brood. Authority came along and took her six youngest away from her. On the day they took them away, she might have given up. Instead, she registered a solemn vow. It was to get that family together again. And that vow she has now kept.

By 1927 she found her earnings as an office-keeper were enough to maintain the half of the family she had retained. In 1928 the public assistance files record that she proved her ability to maintain yet another son, who had therefore been allowed to join her.

In 1930 she showed she could maintain another daughter. In 1931 they were able to allow another son to go under her care. In 1932 another daughter.

A pathetic little wait, now, until one or two of the children could get jobs and so enable her to complete her life's mission. Then, in 1935, she opened her arms to the last child but one.

The other? That was the one she yearned for most, for she was deaf and dumb. That child would need special care and treatment—and special care and treatment costs money.

Then, in 1936, the last child of all went home.

* * *

And there, you might think, the official record ends. But no. Even dusty, musty files can sometimes end a story as it should be ended.

Says the last record of all: "January, 1937: Mrs. ——— and her twelve children now occupy the whole house in which they formerly occupied two rooms."

★Politics And You..

A FAIR PRICE

THE Government has decided to nationalise mining royalties and will soon issue its Bill to this end. But there has been a long, fierce battle behind the scenes over the sum to be paid the owners as compensation.

The Cabinet has offered £100,000,000 as a fair price. This is more than fair—it's generous. Owners' spokesmen, however, say that it isn't enough. They want £150,000,000.

As far back as 1925 the Coal Commission gave fourteen different reasons for the abolition of private ownership in coal royalties. The industry is in a shockingly disorganised state and nothing fundamental can be done to plan it as an economic unity until the royalty owners, with their narrow, conflicting interests, are pushed out of the way.

In addition, they take toll of the mines to the tune of £5,000,000 a year. They risk neither life nor capital yet, under the present system, are able to abstract from 6d. to 1s. 4d. on every ton of coal brought up.

On household coal alone (40,000,000 tons bought yearly at high prices) they levy tribute of over £1,000,000.

The Duke of Hamilton receives about £114,000 a year from mining royalties; the Duke of Northumberland about £82,000. The Marquis of Bute draws £115,000.

It's high time Parliament did something. Let's hope it won't overdo the compensation. The nation has to pay.

IN TOUCH WITH MORE FACES

than any other shaving preparation

Palmolive Shaving Cream comes into contact — direct contact — with more shavers any day than any other shaving preparation on the market. The famous five points will tell you why —and why *you* should enjoy a Palmolive shave to-morrow!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6d AND 1/-

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
•they're blended better

EVERY SINGLE CASK of the tobacco used for Capstan has been specially graded by our experts in America. Nevertheless, every one is sampled when it arrives in Bristol . . . . for only perfect leaf can make a perfect smoke.

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.553A

WASH-DAY TRAGEDY

Woman "Blazing like a Bonfire"

THE terrible spectacle of a woman standing in her garden with her clothes "blazing like a bonfire" was described at the inquest on Mrs. V. V. Middleton, of 12, Taddington Road, Eastbourne. She was attending to her washing in the copper when a flame from the fire caught her clothing. Despite a neighbour's courageous attempt to save her, she died from severe burns and shock.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

As Mrs. Middleton was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50, the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, was promptly sent.

HUSBAND'S GRATEFUL LETTER.

Mrs. Middleton's husband in a letter of gratitude writes: **"I wish to tender my most grateful thanks for the cheque of £50, and also thank you for the straightforward way you have settled my claim without fuss or bother."**

In addition to benefits for "Home Accidents," "John Bull" also provides protection while on the Sports Field and while Boating and Bathing, and generous provision is made for Children's accidents.

Moreover, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST. It is also the **only** paper to pay SICKNESS benefits.

DURING LAST WEEK.

"John Bull," during last week alone distributed no less than £842 15s., as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£497	0	0
Accident Benefits—Adults ..	£232	15	0
Accident Benefits—Children ..	£113	0	0

The unexpected may happen to any one of us. Are You Safeguarded? Fill in the Forms below NOW.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND SICKNESS BENEFIT.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/2/37

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

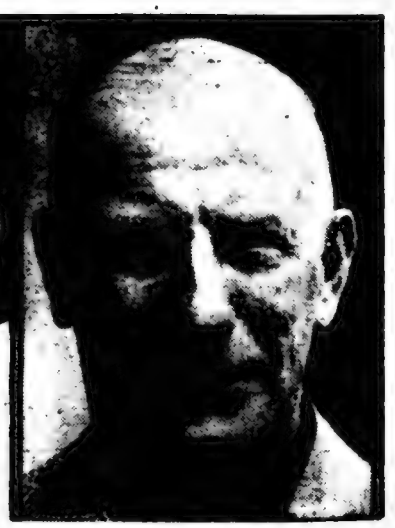
Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/2/37



Major Frank Buckley (right) Wolves F.C. Manager, one of the few to discover how to run football on business lines. The public's money is waiting—give it real comfort and star players

Startling Facts Of Football Finance

SOMETHING is radically wrong with the business of football. Club directors and managers sigh in relief if they can lower their overdraft just a little as the result of a full season's work—yet there must be quite £25,000 of the public's money poured into the game every week.

The revelation that the brothers Gliksten, millionaire football "fans," had spent nearly £70,000 in putting Charlton Athletic on the map as a first-class Football League Club was still further proof that soccer—best sport drawing card in the world—is a bad financial proposition.

The Gliksten brothers do not expect to get their money back. Some of it, of course, must return, but much still remains to be spent if Charlton's status is to remain on its present pinnacle.

The Charlton case is but one example of thousands of pounds continually being poured into football.

There are few League clubs in the country free of an overdraft at the bank, few who have not at some time or other been eventually rescued from disaster by generous benefactors who adopted football as a hobby and were prepared to pay dearly for it.

"Hand to mouth" clubs have represented a very large proportion of professional soccer in this country for years.

. . . Alex James, to-day's shining example of how a star can draw big gates

Only those on the inside know the full stories of tremendous personal hardship suffered at times by players, who have been forced to go four, five, or even six weeks without any wages at all, or with pitifully small sums, until the turnstiles brought in sufficient to pay up the arrears—this in a game which draws its close on a million spectators practically every week, a game in which players' transfer fees of £4,000 and £5,000 have become commonplace, and even £10,000 fees by no means infrequent.

Far too many players are harassed, worried—often bullied—into accepting wage-cuts in each successive season. The maximum wage of £8 per week during the playing season and £6 per week during summer is paid to probably less than 20 per cent. of professionals in this country.

Players with years of good service to their credit are being continually thrown on to the scrap-heap—with no trade or industrial experience to help them in finding another job and nothing to show in the shape of financial reward for their years of honest endeavour.

The "Benefit" system is a bitter joke with the majority of players. Football law allows a club to make a present not exceeding £650 to a player after five years' service—but there is nothing compulsory about this.

Too often, when the "Benefit" year approaches, the player is moved to some other club or left out of the side as an excuse to withhold "Benefit" payments.

Why should all this hardship and financial chaos exist in so popular a sport—so vast a proposition?

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Soccer football, proportionately, is bigger than American baseball, the most profitable sport in the world from the financial backers' point of view. Yet clubs which consistently make profits could be counted on the fingers of both hands.

Why is it that business men—eminently successful in their own trades and enterprises—should be so utterly unable to turn professional football into a paying proposition?

The answer is because they are not allowed to. Their hands are tied by old men of football who came into the game when the amount of money involved was infinitesimal, and who have allowed hazardous finance in connection with the game to grow to outrageous proportions in some directions, but who doggedly and obstinately refuse to allow the changes necessary to put the game on a sound financial basis.

Soccer's present position of crazy finance can be plainly traced to the oft-quoted parrot-cry that professional football is first of all a game—not a business.

But if something with a turnover up to £25,000 a week, thousands of pounds paid for the purchase between clubs of industrial players, and a salary list more than 2,000 strong is not a business, then we could pertinently suggest that the old men of football are totally unable to define the meaning of the word "business."

Of course, football is a business—a vast business—and the sooner this is realised and a definite attempt made to put football on a business basis the better it will be for the game.

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At the moment one club in the country has solved the problem of making football show something like the profits it ought to show without huge and hazardous outlays. That club is—no, not the Arsenal, the Spurs or Chelsea—but Wolverhampton Wanderers.

The Wolves has adopted the only possible method of speedy profit without crazy gambling—and, frankly, it must be said that the methods of the Wolverhampton club, while perfectly legitimate, do not meet with general approval.

Bluntly, Wolverhampton Wanderers has simply adopted the oldest system of profitable trading in the world—buying cheaply and selling dearly—but its commodity is human beings; men and boys.

Having built up the most elaborate system of "spotting" and "scouting" among junior clubs ever evolved in this country, Major Frank Buckley, the Wolves' manager, who is reputed to be one of the most highly paid men in the game, has constructed, entirely within the limits of football law and rule, nothing less than a footballers' emporium—a store, if you like, where the goods set out on the counter are professional players.

It has been estimated that Wolverhampton Wanderers has cleared no less than £100,000 on transfer transactions in the last four or five seasons.

Credit for business ability goes to Major Buckley, who has been shrewd enough to spot the one sound money-making angle which the present chaotic state of soccer finance makes possible and has exploited it to the full.

He has turned the buying and selling of men and boys into big business. He has been able to do this without offending any of the laws laid down by the ancients of football, even if he has, possibly, offended some of their susceptibilities.

And still the ancients persist that football is not, has not been, and must never become a business.

In the face of all this, their persistent refusals to limit transfer fees must remain one of the major mysteries of English sport.

There is a financial limit to everything else in the game, save the amount of money that wealthy seekers after a recreative hobby are allowed to pour down the drain.

Players' wages are limited; dividends payable to shareholders—when there are any dividends—are limited.

Business enterprise, save in the buying and selling of players, is persistently stifled. Tradition is revered and idolised. The game has grown far beyond the scope of ancients, and they refuse to acknowledge the fact.

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And yet, curiously enough, the Football Association's own share of football profits is a colossal six-figure sum, which it claims is held in trust on behalf of all the clubs in the country, and which it dips into only for ground purchase loans, and even then very, very reluctantly.

Professional football needs a new outlook; new ideas; new blood at the business end. There should be a thorough reorganisation; a weeding out of the strong from the weak; a finish put to the constant clash of ideas between the Football Association and the Football League.

The area problem should be fully considered in all its aspects. Why go on heartbreakingly trying to run a club in a neighbourhood which, for a variety of reasons, there can never be any hope of success, and at the same time prevent from coming into the game new clubs in prosperous areas?

Bring into football the men with ideas—with showmanship—with the power to put the game on a basis that would ensure a reasonable chance of an annual profit.

The retinue of wealthy hobby-seekers will not last indefinitely.

Football never had a greater opportunity for complete reorganisation. The public's money is waiting.

Give the public, in return for it, real comfort; modernised grounds that will be weatherproof; full-time professional referees; star players paid in accordance with their box-office attraction.

In a few years the deadly monotony of negative football finance will have disappeared, and in its place there will be a sound, thriving entertainment industry.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

IT is a good thing to have a conscience; but it is an even better thing to understand the conscience we have. "Conscience is a good thing," wrote someone, "but like all good things dangerous.

"The crimes that have been committed by men who knew they were doing wrong have not been so fearful as the crimes of those who thought they were doing right."

If this seems a hard saying, take a look at history and refresh your memory. Think of the Spanish Inquisition; think of the persecutions and massacres that have been perpetrated in every century and in every country in the name of religion. And then put these horrors in the balance against any man whose deliberate misdeeds have landed him in jail. On which side will the balance fall?

"A man's duty," said Canon Gore, "is not to follow his conscience, but to educate it." For the true function of conscience is not to whip us along a certain narrow path, irrespective of reason and fact, but to teach us to hold fast to the truth when we see it.

It should not be a whip; it should be a searchlight. Once it has illumined the way it has done its job. The rest is up to us.

And how can we "educate" our conscience? We can only do it by allying it to our brain. We can only do it by ceasing to regard it as a blind guide, to be followed blindly, and by bringing to bear on its urgings the knowledge we have and the knowledge that can be acquired.

Conscience, if it be true conscience, should be the motive force that sets in action *all* a man's abilities—not just a small part of them.

Poignant Tragedy . . . Sound Sense . . . Indignation . . .

HORE-BELISHA'S AMAZING Post-Bag

IN a long, low room, softly lit by hidden lighting, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, sits at a huge mahogany desk.

The tall windows open on to a balcony looking over the Thames.

The carved cornices and moulded ceilings, the carefully adjusted proportions of height and width, everything, to the finish on the door knobs and the fireplaces, recalls the fact that these rooms were designed in a more leisured age than ours.

The walls have looked down on eight generations of British statesmen. With the demands of space in modern London, they will not look down on many more.

At this very desk, between these same windows, Sir Robert Peel was sitting a hundred years ago poring over the letters from all corners of Britain that uttered the agonised cry of people hoping and suffering under the Corn Law, and imploring him to right their wrongs, to give them cheap bread.

Again the agony of a nation is voiced in a great pile of letters, again it lays its woes on this stout mahogany desk as machines Sir Robert never dreamed of speed along the broad roads of England—and the narrow ones—with their daily toll of broken limbs and battered bodies.

And as the Minister begins to read his daily post, rarely less than fifty letters and often more than a hundred, his nerves are braced to stand the ring of tragedy.

Every third letter brings him the story of someone who lies suffering in his mind or his body because a road was too narrow or a corner too sharp, because some brake would not act as quickly as somebody thought, or someone swerved a moment too late.

He knows that in a moment he is going to think, "If I had only considered this I could perhaps have framed a remedy that would have saved this life."

It is a history of mankind, Mr. Hore-Belisha's postbag, whose size a film-star would envy, but whose contents a film star is lucky to be spared.

And as life is strangely compounded of comedy and tragedy, so do these letters raise in turn a laugh, a smile, sometimes a wry one, or a shudder as he turns them over.

Letters on flimsy sheets torn from notebooks, letters on parchment embossed with a monogram, letters scrawled in pencil, letters neatly penned—in red ink and blue ink and green ink—letters where someone has scrawled a skull and crossbones, letters where someone has added a row of kisses.

Letters labelled "Accidents, for immediate attention"—letters, too, marked by some alert Civil servant, "Accidents, suggestions for the prevention of."

"I do wish they would suggest something that really would prevent them," the Minister is thinking as he picks the first one off the pile.

"Dear Sir," it reads, "I have a certain plan calculated to prevent street accidents. . . . I could disclose it in confidence to yourself, but I would be obliged in return for your written promise of an appointment to a post in the Ministry, with pension. Please post reply in enclosed stamped envelope, and oblige."

Another begins—

"Sir,—If it were made a penal offence for any driver to address his passengers when passing through a built-up area, there wouldn't be half the accidents."

And again, "Enclosed please find design to prevent accidents to pedestrians. The accompanying series of sketches show:

"In the first picture, three hoops to be worn round the body of a pedestrian while crossing the road.

"In the second, the appearance of the body after the hoops have been fitted.

"The third the effect after a collision, showing how, instead of running over the victim, the car would bowl him harmlessly along in front of its wheels."

Yet another letter begins—

"Dear Mr. Belisha . . . I should like to see all mudguards painted white on the tips, so that they would catch the pedestrian's eye quickly . . ." Another, "Dear Sir,—Everybody involved in an accident, whether guilty or not, should be imprisoned."

From a Manchester suburb a correspondent writes: "In our district people are always being run over when they cross the road to post a letter. There ought to be pillar boxes provided opposite each other on each side of every street so that nobody need cross the road."

"All traffic should be compelled to travel at fifteen miles an hour," somebody insists.

"Hang out a chain of orange lamps across the road at pedestrian crossings."

"Most bad drivers are young men. . . . Why not grade the mileage by their years, up to twenty drive at twenty miles an hour, twenty to thirty drive at twenty to thirty—nobody to go faster than fifty unless over fifty himself?"

"Omits to say whether applies to women also," a secretary has noted seriously on the flap.

A man in Norwich wants to know: "In Turkey the police carry planks studded with nails. When they see a car travelling too fast they throw it in front of the wheels. If the driver cannot stop in time to avoid the plank he is prosecuted for dangerous driving. Why don't we do the same in this country?"

From the Isle of Man . . .

"It would be very helpful to attach a microphone to every lorry and motor 'bus, which would communicate direct with the driver. Then he would instantly hear the note of the horn on a car that wanted to overtake him."

"Publish pictures of serious accidents in the newspapers and newsreels. . . . It would frighten people into being careful."

"Paint a yellow spot on cars which have bad drivers."

"A wrecked car at every crossroad and a notice hung upon it to say, 'A moment's carelessness may mean a lifetime of regret' has been an effective deterrent in the United States. It might, with advantage, be tried on the main roads of this country. . . ."

"I am sure the chief trouble is congestion. . . . Supposing different businesses opened at different hours, then people would not all be going to and from work at the same time."

A variation of this idea comes from an enthusiast lately returned from Russia, where everybody has a holiday at the end of five days, but not the same five days.

"Most accidents happen on a Bank holiday," he says. "You don't seem able to abolish the accidents, so why not abolish the Bank Holiday? Instead let us have periods for holidays, during which a man can choose any day off he likes to take."

From an office in Birmingham somebody writes in a bold hand and red ink: "Everybody in a vehicle involved in a fatal accident, whether the victim is inside the car or out, should be executed within twelve hours.

"Thirty such executions in the first week might show us that you really meant to stop fatal accidents, as you pretend you do. . . ."

Sometimes a writer is still less complimentary. "Although you call yourself a national Minister, you have made the Government into an agent of the Jewish Soviet conspiracy for world control."

"The sole effect of imposing a speed limit in built-up areas has been to prevent me from being able to get down to lunch with my uncle at week-ends after leaving work.

"As I had certain expectations from him, I can only assume that this was your deliberate purpose."

"At a meeting of our village cycling club on Tuesday, it was unanimously decided, the postmistress only abstaining, to convey our strong resentment at the idea of a special cycle track."

There are dozens of letters about cycle tracks this particular morning—letters from societies, clubs, individuals, protesting, pleading, persuasive, abusive, congratulatory, indignant, grateful.

Some suggest that the end of such a policy must be to drive cyclists off the main roads altogether. Another says that it is segregating cyclists from their fellow men, "which, sir, is fully as inhuman as Hitler's treatment of the Jews."

But some tell a different story.

Thousands of people send suggestions to prevent these accidents; alas, few are practicable

. . . Even Farce . . .

A'S ZING -Bag —Revealed To JOHN BULL Readers

Some send their protests to the Transport Minister; others, like these parents and children of the notoriously dangerous Westway, hold mass demonstrations for safety measures, and have won a temporary 30-m.p.h. limit

"I am only sixteen, and I have to ride a bicycle so as to be able to keep my job. I can't cycle now because I was hurt in an accident a few days ago, but I shall soon be well again, and am saving up to buy a light machine.

"And when I do get my bicycle, sir, I know I am going to find that the special tracks will make me safe from any more accidents, because my friends have told me so, and it has cheered me up enormously, and I think you are wonderful, sir, to be so energetic."

And somebody else writes: "We are a young couple, and Saturday is our only free day. On that day we usually go into the country, if only for an hour or two, on our tandem.

"We use and greatly appreciate the cycling track, sir. My wife says, 'If only there were cycling tracks everywhere!' You see, we cannot afford a more expensive method of transport, and we feel it is really splendid to have our own track, and not to have to pay a tax on our machine."

The Minister is thinking furiously. Somewhere in his file, written in that abominable purple ink which they use on the Continent, smudgily blotted with inferior blotting paper, lies the letter that first set his mind upon the idea of a cycle track.

It is from Vienna, and there is a strange pathos in its quaintly awkward English. . . . "So you see, sir, I am convinced in some place must something be wrong.

"Conrad has always been the cleverest in our family. It was a great sacrifice that we must make to send him for his scientific education into England, but here in Austria at our universities it is so sad and everybody thinking only how he can live.

"That is why we wanted Conrad to go to Cambridge, where the young men are not all so worried and one may really study more peacefully. And now we have lost him.

"I do not know quite why the motor-car knocked him off his bicycle into the road, and could not stop before it killed him. Perhaps he was careless, but most young people are careless, and then his mind was probably far away with one of his chemistry problems. Surely there is some way you can protect young people on their bicycles. . . ."

The Minister returns to his morning's post.

"I started work on the roads fifty-three years ago, sir. I was only twelve years old then. I would like to tell you there was real mud on the roads then. Ah! Real mud. That there was. But to-day it be different. Ah! it be different.

"If I may be bold enough to offer you all my humble good wishes for success to all your endeavours this New Year, from a faithful servant of the roads."

"I feel, sir, that it would, perhaps, be helpful to your department if I explain the effect that the silence zone has had on me personally in my ordinary life. My job is that of a matron in a private nursing home in the West End of London.

"I had been in despair for months past. We always had the same dreary round of complaint. First thing in the morning the night sister would meet me: 'Another bad night, I am afraid, matron. Most of the patients complain that they could not get any sleep. I am afraid some of them *do* look rather worn.'

"Then the patients would complain to me individually. 'How can I get well, nurse, if I just lie awake at night brooding over how ill I am?'

"And then if I told him he ought to try to get some sleep . . . 'How can I sleep here with all the noise in the streets?'

"Then the relations started writing in. Why did not So-and-so get any better? There were all these complaints about noise. Why couldn't I do something?

"In the end the worry was too much for me. I had a breakdown myself. Frankly, I would not like to have been treated in *this* home, with the impossibility there used to be of getting an unbroken night's rest.

"I went away for a long holiday. Well, I got back and braced myself to face the whole thing over again. First morning I met the night nurse. I was rather surprised that she did not begin with the usual complaint. I tried to anticipate her.

"'Patients had a good night?' I suggested, doubtfully. She looked surprised. 'I think so, matron. Is there any reason they should not?'

"I thought she was joking. But when I started my rounds and heard no complaints and found that everybody seemed to have been sleeping well, I could not understand what had happened.

ROUND ABOUT

"Then I heard about your silence zones and the no-hooting order. I felt I must really write to you. It has transformed the lives of these people. I hope you will not take my delay in writing as lessening my feelings of real gratitude."

And then, by way of contrast: "The no-hooting order has made it impossible for drivers to negotiate the streets with safety. Several of us feel this very strongly indeed. How strongly you will find out in your own division."

"You are a dear, good soul, also a nerve doctor." The words, in a shaky, old woman's hand, scrawled across the full area of a sheet of notepaper, bear no signature, and they need no comment.

"I am in my ninety-first year," another letter begins, and I feel very grateful to you indeed, as I had very bad nights before the no-hooting order came in. I was constantly awoke by unnecessary noise."

"The British motor industry will certainly be ruined if you are allowed to carry on. The restrictions you are always putting on us make it quite impossible to compete in the world's markets."

"Dear Sir,—Could you, please, send me a costume so I can dress up as a Belisha Beacon at our extension night ball, as I am quite sure this would help your campaign for safety on the roads?" suggests a lady up in Lancashire, rather unexpectedly

And from Bristol some verses, typical of many, but rather better than most:—

"Tom Brown's body lies a'mouldering in the grave.
They didn't pass the driving test in time his life to save.
But motorists in future—why,
they simply must behave
When they go driving on.

CROSS ROADS

A rather bulky package with a postmark of one of the Western islands commands attention by its size. A copy of the Highway Code drops out. "I send you back my copy of the code by return of post," runs the enclosure, "and I would be obliged if you will, please, post me one in Gaelic. Also would you see that the Royal Arms on the new copy are correctly quartered for use in Scotland?"

A flimsy envelope drops out from the cover of the book in which it has been caught up by mistake—". . . I just feel I want to thank you for your wonderful treatment of traffic. The streets now feel safe to cross. I am rather lame.

"I know there is a great difference in the manner that motorists draw up or slow down when I cross a road. At this corner in Maida Vale (London) it was quite alarming when I got out of my 'bus to go home, and it was cruel the way motorists used to delight in making old people run."

"I hear, sir," another letter begins, a letter that has obviously been written with a painstaking care, "that you are sometimes worried to know whether your measures really do save life. Well, they have certainly saved mine.

"Twice a week I have to go to the local hospital for treatment. As I am very nervous and highly strung, the ordeal of getting out of my tram opposite the hospital with motors whizzing past was more than I could bear.

"So I just gave up going, and did without the treatment. But now they have put one of the new crossings just opposite my tram stop. So I go regularly for treatment, and I am getting better, thanks to the injections . . . and thanks to you, sir."

Rather wearily the Minister of Transport pushes back the pile. There will be a hundred more to-morrow.

The famous champion in boxing attire during training . . .

. . . And "all dressed up"—with gold teeth and fancy tie. Right, Jimmy White, who lost heavily under the ban, then made a fortune, and poisoned himself

Secrets Of A Famous Millionaire . .

When JACK JOHNSON Was BANNED

Front Page News

By STANLEY BISHOP

IN newspaper work, one becomes used to millionaires. They are individualities of every-day business to a general reporter.

Financiers; out-of-works; politicians; film stars; crooks—it is quite likely he may be sent to interview a sample of each in the course of a week.

Such mixed meetings add to the wonderful fascination of the game.

On a day in September, twenty-six years ago, I met a man who began working life as a bricklayer's labourer; passed through the millionaire stage, and died because he could not face ruin.

That man was James White—hard, crude, but likeable product of Lancashire; gambler and financial genius. I wrote about him when he made his first attempt to win success in London—and failed.

After the war, our paths crossed on many occasions. And in the end I was present at his inquest.

"Jimmy" White committed suicide in his lavish bedroom at Foxhill, the country house and racing stables he owned in Wiltshire.

He killed himself by taking both chloroform and prussic acid. He drove himself to death because he could not meet his liabilities. Had he lived, he would have been made a bankrupt, and the pride of Jimmy White would not accept that.

So on a June afternoon he motored down from London to Foxhill. He dined and dismissed his servants for the remainder of the evening, telling them to go to a cinema in Swindon, and giving them the money for their tickets.

Before he went to his room he walked through the house, and did a strange thing. He turned face to wall or face downward to table a number of photographs.

These were pictures of an actress for whom Jimmy Wilde held great admiration. She played in many of the musical shows he backed at Daly's Theatre, London, and elsewhere.

The door of the bedroom was locked. Jimmy White was alone; secure in the big house. He opened the window to the summer night, looking out on the garden which was such a pride.

After that he sat down to write several letters—one to the doctor whom he knew would be called to make examination of his body. And finally he composed an amazing document.

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To the doctor he said: "Go easy with me, old man. I am dead from prussic acid. No need to cut any deeper.—Jimmy."

Returning from Swindon, the servants thought nothing was amiss. They found a bulky letter left for posting, and dealt with it.

Next day, there was no response to knocking at the bedroom door. They all just thought the master was sleeping late. His overnight instruction had been that he did not wish his breakfast to be served at the usual time.

By noon though, the household was uneasy. Still no sign of movement behind the locked door. The housekeeper decided to see if anything was wrong. She had a ladder placed against the open window, climbed it and entered.

The master was still in bed. She tiptoed across to the bedside; looked down; touched his face, which was stone cold, and realised at once that Jimmy White was dead. Death had taken him many hours previously.

I was the only reporter to gain admission to the house at the inquest before the coroner assembled his court. I sat in a little smoking-room waiting, saw a photograph turned down on a side cabinet. "He did that," said a servant, "we have not ventured to turn them back."

I know the subject of the photograph, and the inscription across it, for I had seen the picture in its proper position on a former occasion.

My editor dashed down from London to see the coroner prior to the inquest, and for this reason; he had vital information to give.

One of the documents written by Jimmy White, and posted to an address in London—after he was dead but before his death was discovered—was intended for publication in a morning newspaper for which I was then working.

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The paper was running a series of articles by eminent people entitled "Looking on Life." Jimmy White, in his last moments, decided to write an article for that series. He suggested in a covering letter that such an article, "from the brink of the grave," would have a large money value, and he asked that if the article was used a certain sum—several thousands of pounds—should be given to his wife.

Now, quite obviously, that article might contain evidence which the coroner would deem it necessary to place before his jury.

So my editor—Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld—went to see the coroner and placed the article and letter before him. Its ultimate fate now lay at the discretion of the learned coroner.

If he decided to read it in court, well, newspapers throughout the world would print it. If he decided there was nothing relevant for his court in the article, then it would be the property of the newspaper for which it had been intended by the writer.

No need to say how we, from a newspaper point of view, wanted the coroner to decide.

He considered the matter carefully only in regard to his duty as a coroner, and he agreed that no purpose would be served by reading the article in court.

So that article was published exclusively in a Sunday newspaper under Mr. Blumenfeld's direction.

It made a supreme sensation, for it was the soul revelation of a man determined to die by his own hand.

"While on the threshold of eternity," the article began, "I write my last article, reviewing it from the standpoint of one who is leaving it for ever."

Towards the close, Jimmy White wrote of his wife and children.

"At this final moment of my life, I look up from my writing and see before me the photo of my wife and our three bonny babes. My wife's eyes seem to be devouring me with love and adoration. At last I know what life is and why we do not want to leave it.

"My eyes again seek the photos. Over them comes a film. My head swims. My heart throbs, and I bend my knees and look to God, for I have been guilty of the folly of gambling and the price has to be paid.

"God bless you, my bonny wife and kiddies, and also bless those who do not forget."

Another recollection I have of the inquest is the strenuous protest made by a fellow-reporter to the coroner because he and others were kept waiting outside the house in a drenching storm of rain.

It was a surprise to the coroner, who, I am certain, did not realise the discourtesy with which the newspaper men were treated. Even reporters—long-suffering as we are—will turn.

There was not the slightest reason why they should not have waited in the billiard-room, which was the court. Witnesses and members of the jury were allowed in by the police, but not the Press. The knowledge that I was already in the house added to the natural resentment of newspaper colleagues.

Back now to the first occasion on which I saw Jimmy White. It was in a sitting-room of the old Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, in September, 1911.

There were bottles and boxes of cigars all about the room, for Jimmy White was holding regular receptions. He always believed in the whisky and cigars form of hospitality.

At that period Jimmy White was more or less unknown in London. His repu-

(Continued on page 28)

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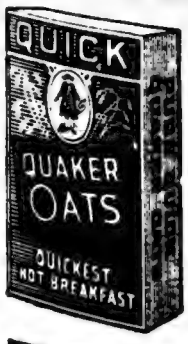
"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MUM?"
"OH, I'M ALL RIGHT – JUST TIRED, THAT'S ALL"
ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL TONY MEETS THE DOCTOR
MOTHER? SHE'S NOT VERY WELL DOCTOR. SHE'S ALWAYS TIRED –AND SHE NEVER EATS ANYTHING!
THE OLD, OLD STORY–NO APPETITE–LACK OF VITAMIN B IN DIET. WHAT SHE WANTS TONY IS QUAKER OATS. SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE HER HAVE SOME EVERY MORNING.
A FEW WEEKS LATER...
A FEW WEEKS AGO I COULDN'T EAT A THING–AND NOW LOOK AT ME. SOMETHING HAS CHANGED ME!
SOMETHING HAS CHANGED YOU–THE VITAMIN B IN QUAKER OATS: THE DOCTOR SAID IT WOULD!

What a lucky thing it was that Tony met the Doctor that morning. And how clever he was to be able to persuade his mother to have some Quaker Oats *every morning* and so get the tonic Vitamin B she was badly needing. But the way he did it was simple—he just refused to eat his own breakfast if she wouldn't have any!

When diet is lacking in tonic Vitamin B the results are always the same .... listlessness, poor appetite, constipation and nerviness. This precious vitamin, scarce in so many foods, is contained in Quaker Oats in substantial quantities. All the family needs Vitamin B *every day*—they'll love taking it in delicious, creamy Quaker Oats. *Quick* Quaker provides this ideal meal with no more than four minutes' cooking!



THE "QUINS" AND THE "QUADS" ARE GROWING UP ON QUAKER OATS

For the two most famous "sets" of babies in the world—experts have chosen Quaker Oats! They've had it every day since before they were twelve months old. Mothers! What a recommendation for *you*—and for *your* children!

256

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d

Turned down again, and I did think I'd get a job this time.
I am sorry, Betty, but honestly my dear, it's not surprising.
What d'you mean – not surprising?
Well-you look so limp. I don't believe you'd be able to keep the job if you did get it.
Oh Phyllis – you don't suppose people think that! Although it is true, sometimes I feel so tired I don't care if I never get a job.
Buck up, my dear. You're just tired out. I'd see a doctor if I were you, before I did any more job hunting.
SIX WEEKS LATER
YOUNG LADY reqd. General Office duties. Knowledge bookkeeping preferred. Efficient, reliable, capable acting on own initiative. Excellent prospects. Apply personally. Strand Office 9 a.m. Wednesday
9 O'CLOCK WEDNESDAY
MANAGERS OFFICE
He'll see you next, miss.
BURSTING INTO FRIEND'S ROOM
I got the job! I got the job!
Good gracious Betty – how did you do it?
Well you remember what you told me about looking so limp? I went to a doctor about it. He told me I was simply suffering from Night-Starvation and he recommended Horlicks every night at bedtime. It's made a different creature of me. That's how I got the job.
How M-A-R-vellous. Me for Horlicks to-night!

TO get what you want in this world you must be fit. If you get up tired in the morning you're not fit. Nature isn't getting a chance to replace the energy used up by heart and lungs while you sleep — in fact, you're Night-Starved.

Horlicks at bedtime gives you new energy and makes sleep effective. You'll like it — Plain or Chocolate-flavoured. It's economical, too — just add water, the milk is already in it. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlicks Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

THE SEED BOOK OF THE SEASON

say the Experts . . . .

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Ryders' SEEDS for results

Acute Bronchitis
—four days before his wedding!

—Report of an actual case.

"Thank goodness for my Best Man! When I was laid up with influenzal bronchitis, he was an absolute brick and saved the situation."

"I'll have you out of this in no time" he said. He brought me some Famel Syrup and made me promise to take it, while he attended to the wedding arrangements. To my surprise I began to mend from the first dose. The cough was easier and less painful."

"Just as he had promised, Famel Syrup put me on my feet with 24 hours to spare. The coughing died away wonderfully quickly and the best thing of all was that, thanks to the tonic in Famel Syrup, I didn't seem to lose strength. You can be sure that my bride and I have started married life right—with a bottle of Famel in the house."

Famel brand Syrup goes to the root of your cough. Try it to-day for Influenza, Bronchitis or hard, rasping cough. Sold by all chemists 1/6 and 3/- (triple quantity).

IMPORTANT

To Cough Sufferers

For over 30 years Famel Syrup has been held in undiminishing esteem by the Medical Profession throughout the World.

Doctors and Sufferers alike have always relied on Famel Syrup. Famel was the first to discover a practical way of applying to medicine the valuable properties of soluble Lactocreosote—one of the surest and most efficacious remedies for persistent coughs (including 'flu-coughs), bronchitis and all chest troubles.

At the first sign of a cough or the moment you feel feverish—hot and cold by turns,—take Famel Syrup in hot lemon, milk or toddy, just before going to bed. Give everyone in your house a spoonful of Famel Syrup too. The next day or during the following two or three days, you will see a marvellous improvement, and you will be almost certain to have saved the rest of your family from infection unless they expose themselves to further risks. Every sufferer from coughs, every victim of 'flu, every child with infectious trouble likely to lead to serious lung complications, should take Famel Syrup. From all Chemists—1/6, Triple quantity 3/-.

FAMEL *Brand* **SYRUP**

Goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

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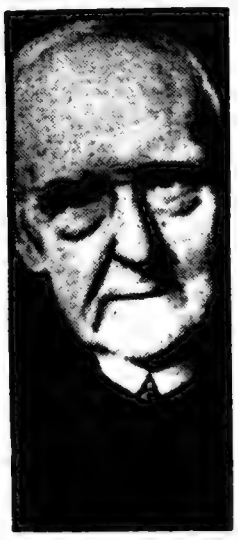
Suicide Drama Of A Woman's Picture



The Rev. F. B. Meyer, now dead, who killed the fight

tation had not spread much beyond Lancashire.

He was endeavouring to crash London as a boxing promoter. The match he was putting forward was between Jack Johnson, the great negro boxer, and Bombardier Billy Wells. The fight was for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Johnson was the champion, having gained the title after chasing Tommy Burns across the globe and beating him in the arena of Rushcutter Bay, Sydney, Australia. Bombardier Wells was our "white hope," and certainly the best big man in this country. He was not long back home from the Army, of which he was a boxing champion.

The purse which Jimmy White promised to put up was £8,000—exceptional for those days—of which Johnson was to receive £6,000 whatever the outcome of the fight, while Wells was to take the balance.

◆ ◆ ◆

With his eye on the publicity a black versus white fight would cause, Jimmy reckoned he would net a considerable amount from the contest.

But he did not count on the kind of publicity the match received.

Apart from the colour issue, the question whether Billy Wells—in experience and skill—was a suitable opponent for the negro was debatable. Experts said it would be slaughter to put Wells into the ring with Johnson. Wells, naturally, disagreed. He believed in his chances—or declared he did—and was quite ready to take on the redoubtable black fellow.

A "stop the fight" campaign was started by that stalwart pillar of Congregationalism, the late Rev. F. B. Meyer, who directed operations against Jimmy White from his office in the Memorial Hall.

And from his sitting-room in the Railway Hotel Jimmy White formulated his attacks on Mr. Meyer and the united religious opposition.

Mr. Meyer would issue a statement of fiery indignation condemning the fight. White would reply arguing that the clergy were trying to interfere with good honest sport; were dabbling in things of which they had no understanding.

"I am sending the best ringside seat to Mr. Meyer," said Jimmy White to me, "in order that he may see what boxing has done for Britain." But what White breathed privately against the Rev. F. B. Meyer could in no way see print.

Round by round the fight between Jimmy White, boxing promoter, with his then small fortune staked on the contest, and Rev. F. B. Meyer, the spearhead of the Nonconformist Church, continued.

Generally the newspapers were on the side against White. The public outcry was becoming too powerful for him to disregard, despite his blusterings and confidential informations.

Archbishops, bishops, chairmen of public authorities, all supported the Meyer propaganda. Jimmy White was fighting a losing struggle.

I remember driving down one afternoon with Jimmy White and the late Eugene Corri, the well-known boxing referee, to Earl's Court to watch Wells in training. White was a little in the dumps, although still pretending confidence.

"Take it from me," he said, "I will beat them all. And I will plaster my name across London sooner or later. You come in with me, boy, and I will make you. I am going to make money and show them all what money can do."

His creed: "Show them what money can do." He developed it to success, *and it killed him.*

◆ ◆ ◆

We watched Wells box that afternoon against a young, slim boy sparring partner, who was from France. His name, Georges Carpentier. The name meant nothing then. It was just that of a good lad chosen by Wells to help him gain speed.

The exhibition of Carpentier was so sound that the wise heads grew enthusiastic. Eugene Corri said, "That boy is going to make boxing history if he fulfils his promise."

A prophecy which was realised. Later Carpentier, grown to full size, became the finest fighter in Europe.

When it became certain that Jimmy White meant to carry on with the match, notwithstanding the organised opposition, legal action was taken.

Summonses were secured against James White, Jack Johnson and Billy Wells calling on them to show cause why they should not be bound over to prevent a breach of the peace. The summonses were returnable for Bow Street Police Court.

When the summonses were served, I was at Jack Johnson's training quarters at Chingford, Essex. I knew what was likely to happen, but Johnson did not. For him it was an ordinary day.

To me he rumbled on in resentment against the "parsons" trying to prevent his fight: 'If every preacher was as clean in his pulpit business as I am in my fighting, he would not have any cause to worry. I am just a boxer, and I fight to earn my living honestly."

One of the sparring partners on duty "for execution" had offended him. The man was missing the night before when wanted. He had found a girl friend in Chingford town, and Johnson was resentful.

The manner in which Jack Johnson battered that unfortunate white puglist was terrible to witness. "I'll teach you to stay out when you ought to be back," he said with his gold teeth gnashing. "I'll make your mouth so she won't want to kiss it."

He did. The sparring partner was knocked down; told to get on his feet again, and his face made a horrid sight. That was Jack Johnson instilling discipline into his training camp.

Boxing—or rather brutal punishment—over, Johnson was lying stark naked on a blanket-covered table, his trainer massaging his shining ebony body.

A knock sounded at the door. "Come in," cried Johnson. A detective officer from Bow Street entered—rather timidly, I thought—wondering what reception he would receive; not knowing the temper of the giant negro.

The officer explained his errand—a summons to serve. Jack Johnson arose from the table—still stark naked—strode across the room. He held out his hand. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Policeman."

I doubt if any summons has been served in such fantastic circumstances.

When the case was taken by the magistrate, Jack Johnson was the figure who mattered. Jimmy White and Bombardier Wells, the other two principals, were nonentities in the atmosphere Johnson created; famous counsel, Sir John Simon, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, Sir Travers Humphreys and Sir Richard Muir (they did not have their knighthoods then) were disregarded.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jack Johnson, negro boxer, heavyweight champion of the world, was the dominant figure. He conducted his own defence with perfect assurance. Cross-examined witnesses; made an admirable speech to the Bench, and enjoyed every minute of the case.

The limelight was focused on him and he loved it. He rolled out of court to receive the cheers of a crowd which stretched to the Strand. It was an occasion to gladden the heart of any man.

With the order of the court the fight was definitely stopped. Jack Johnson went back to America. Bombardier Wells started to climb upwards as a boxer in this country—until he came face to face with his former sparring lad—Georges Carpentier.

Jimmy White returned to Lancashire, a bitter man, with a substantial loss from his bank balance.

He swore to me after the Bow Street hearing: "I'll make them realise what I can do. I'll put London where it should be placed. London—what is it? I'm Lancashire, and Lancashire always gets what it wants. I'll show them all up."

Remembering those words, said with venom to a young reporter, I think of the turned photographs in the country house of Foxhill, and I marvel at life's irony.

The Greatest Of These

Keith

THREE-AND-A-HALF-YEAR-OLD Keith's ex-Service dad, who was badly gassed in the war, developed tuberculosis three years ago, and as the doctor advised him to keep in the open air he obtained a job on a cargo boat at a low wage. "He will never be well enough to come home," said his wife.

Keith's mother would willingly work, but she is suffering from chronic bronchitis, and Keith also has a weak chest.

When Keith's mother came to see us on a cold and snowy day, trying to keep under control her spasms of coughing, Keith comforted her with the assurance, "Don't be frightened. You will be all right if I hold your hand in the snow."

Her rent of 10s. a week makes a big hole in the 25s. given by her husband for her own and the boy's keep. "I am eight weeks in arrears with my rent," she owned, "and there is a court order. If I can pay up a bit, I can get two top rooms. My present ones are so damp."

Her chance of being able to do this lies in our readers' hands. Donations earmarked "Keith," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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CVS—97

ALL SPEED RECORDS BROKEN IN WASHING CLOTHES

BRILLIANTLY WHITE AND CLEAN

TO THINK I USED TO BOIL MY WHITES OVER HALF AN HOUR! NOW, JUST 2 MINUTES' BOILING IN RINSO — AND THEY'RE CLEANER THAN EVER BEFORE!
AS FOR THE THINGS I USED TO RUB — I SIMPLY GIVE THEM THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK. I'VE NEVER KNOWN MY COLOUREDS SO BRIGHT. I'VE THROWN AWAY MY SCRUBBING BOARD AND I FEEL GRAND!
THESE DAINTY SILKS AND WOOLLENS NEED ONLY A QUICK WASH-THROUGH IN RINSO'S SAFE SUDS — AND I'LL BE DONE!

One She saves 30 minutes' fuel every time she boils clothes! She puts the clothes into the copper with lukewarm Rinso suds and brings it to the boil as usual, but then she boils it for *only 2 minutes*. In less time than it takes to boil an egg, the whole copperful is lovely.

Two No more hard rubbing and no more long soaking for the things she does not boil. Just a short *12 minutes* in lukewarm Rinso suds, and everything is brilliantly clean. The colours are quite unfaded, whites are snowy and her hands are smooth and unroughened.

Three Now a quick squeeze-through in the same soaking suds for her fine things, and her whole wash is done. Thanks to the new Rinso methods, she's through hours ahead of her neighbours, and has a sparkling clothesline that will make them green with envy!

Out goes She!—

You don't catch her slaving all day Monday, or lying down to rest when the last piece is hung to dry. She's done her wash the new Rinso way. So she's as fresh as paint—and she's off to do some early shopping!

Women abandoning old-style washing habits—now do entire wash in far less time, with wonderful results, and with no hard rubbing!

WOMEN who thought they knew the fastest, easiest way to get clothes clean, declare that the new Rinso 2-minute boil and 12-minute soak make their former methods seem hopelessly old-fashioned. They would not go back to them "for love or money."

It's not surprising. For they can now do a big wash hours faster and feel fresh at the end. They can spare themselves all hard rubbing, yet have a clothesline that's cleaner and brighter than ever before. And they can actually *save money*—in these four ways:—

(1) Rinso saves at least ½ hour's fuel every washday by getting clothes brilliantly clean *in 2 minutes at the boil*.

(2) Rinso dissolves instantly, making a rich, thick, lasting lather that can be used more than once.

(3) Rinso gets clothes clean in a *natural* way, that won't wear them out and fade colours.

(4) Rinso does the entire wash alone and unaided. You needn't waste money on bar soaps, flakes, or any other washing powder to use with it.

Tomorrow, get Rinso and use it the swift new way. Give the dirtier things the Rinso 2-minute boil and the other things the Rinso 12-minute soak. Your whole wash will be so brilliant you'll never again use anything else but Rinso. It costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

For a cleaner, brighter wash, use

RINSO

—and use it alone!

IMPORTANT

DON'T be misled about "extra" whiteness in washing clothes. For *safe* washing, avoid using any product with a strong bleaching or whitening action.

Rinso gets clothes brilliantly white and clean in a safe, natural way. No mixing necessary, and no mistakes occur, because there are no destructive chemicals in it whatever. Rinso won't harm fast colours, fabrics, or hands.

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A shine like patent leather; a preservative finish that keeps shoes supple and ensures greater comfort and longer wear; welts, seams and uppers thoroughly waterproof—these are some of the great advantages of using Cherry Blossom Boot Polish daily.

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—unless you know how to get the most good out of food

"That's why I use Rowntree's Cocoa"

says Mrs. SPENCER, of Leicester.

HOW MRS. SPENCER SPENDS HER £3

Rent		10	3½
Coal & Gas		3	9
Electricity		3	0
Insurance		2	0
Clothes		5	0
Fares		7	11½
Food	1	4	6
Sundries		3	6
	£3	0	0

"DAD'S in the building line," says Mrs. Spencer, "and his wages vary a lot through the year. But the most I ever get to keep the five of us is £3 a week — and often it's less. Of course, I know lots of women have much harder jobs than me, but I can't afford to spend a single penny without making sure that I get the best value for it. That's why I'm so keen about Rowntree's Cocoa. Naturally, I'm always looking for ways to make our food do us more good. By experimenting with different makes, I soon found that Rowntree's really did help us to get more good out of meals than other cocoas. That means that every penny I spend on food is going further. By helping us get more nourishment we're all the better in health. And Rowntree's is so much more digestible than other cocoas, we find it's much easier on our stomachs."

* * *

SOUND REASONING, Mrs. Spencer! Every mother will agree with you — however much you've got to spend on food, the more good you get out of it the better. And Rowntree's Cocoa does make a big difference here. It's really very easy to see why. A special process of predigestion (used only by Rowntrees) makes it more digestible than other cocoas. So digestible in fact, that it actually helps digest all other foods taken with it. Even milk is made 3 times as digestible.

With Rowntree's Cocoa your family get more nourishment from everything they eat. A point worth remembering next time you're buying cocoa — especially if you're managing on a limited income.

Mrs. Spencer's three children — Jean (13), Muriel (11), Alan (8) — "You couldn't have three healthier children," says Mrs. Spencer. "I'm sure a lot of that is due to the good Rowntree's does them."

FREE! SOUVENIR CORONATION CASKET & MEDAL

In fine colours, with medal mounted in the centre. Two layers of chocolates and confectionery. Free for $1 coupons and Free Voucher. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE 27, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Coronation Gift Booklet. Free Gift coupons in every tin.

Here goes Swansea Jack, with 25 rescued lives to his credit

Wonderful DOG Heroes

IF you are not stirred by stories of brave deeds, turn to another page. If you don't believe dogs can display heroism that would put many a man to shame, or that a dog must have a pedigree as long as your arm to evoke admiration, this article is not for you.

For its purpose, frankly, is to laud three or four lowly members of Britain's army of three or four million dogs. Three or four but for whose pluck there would be fewer men and women alive to-day, fewer children playing happily by the fireside these wintry afternoons.

Dogs that show not only pluck but patience, not only devotion but determination.

Rex is one. You'd call him a black and white collie, and unless you knew his record you wouldn't think him worth his weight in gold. Ferriby, in East Yorkshire, is his home; Roland—his mistress's grandchild—his proudest care. And Roland, aged three, is an adventurer, a wanderer, a bold fellow who can give even Rex the slip.

Roland's first adventure was ordinary, if reckless. He had seen grown-ups cross the main road: why shouldn't he? Off he went. Lorries swerved to avoid him; car-drivers, not seeing the tiny chap until they were almost upon him, missed him by inches. Half-way across he stopped, the traffic stream too dense for retreat or advance.

Death was very close to him then. Until Rex, catching a glimpse of him, sprang to his aid. Watching for gaps in the traffic, the dog edged him towards the pavement, then seized his clothing and dragged him to safety. Rescue Number One.

A few weeks later Roland toddled off to a brick pond, waded in to test its depth, soon found it far deeper than his own height. Rex, following him, dragged him to the bank. Rescue Number Two.

☆ Next, Roland set out to explore the world. One evening he could not be found; it was feared he had strayed on the Humber foreshore and fallen into the icy water. Between forty and fifty villagers scoured the waterfront with lanterns.

At four in the morning came news that he had been found—thanks to Rex. A farmer's wife heard a baby's cry at daybreak. Going to the window, she saw a little figure with a dog pushing it towards the farm. Bit by bit their experiences were pieced together.

Rex, searching on his own, had discovered the child by the Humber bank and edged him away to the safer meadows. There they stopped all through that dark and bitterly cold night. Then Roland toddled towards the railway lines, along which a London express roars about that time.

Did Rex know this? Perhaps not. Still pushing Roland back with his strong teeth, he nosed him in the direction of Humberside Farm.

For this third rescue he has been awarded the bronze medal of the National Canine Defence League. He deserves something more—the lasting remembrance of all dog-lovers, though, for Roland's sake, let us hope he never earns another medal.

And if medals were awarded for every instance of heroism, Swansea Jack would boast a cupboardful. An aged black retriever, Swansea Jack retrieves not game but human lives. So far he's saved *twenty-five* people from drowning in Swansea docks.

☆ Every day he patrols the quays. A splash, a cry—and Swansea Jack is swimming steadily to the scene. Even when he is ill he cannot be kept from his self-appointed vigil of mercy. A few months ago, though so unwell that he should have stopped on his bed all day, he managed to bring a sixteen-year-old boy to the bank before his strength gave out. Now he's training his son, Swansea Bob, to continue the work after his death.

"He has done it all by himself," says his owner, Mr. William Thomas, "without myself or anyone else being at his side in a single rescue."

A working man, Mr. Thomas. If he were unlucky enough to lose his job, there are people who say he should give Swansea Jack away or have him destroyed. Important people, some of them. No less a person than Sir Frederick Senier, chairman of the Southend Bench, declares that an unemployed man cannot afford a dog.

So now we know. The generous "dole" must not be squandered on providing nearly twopence a week on a dog licence, a few pence more on biscuits for the little chap that's the children's playmate and their parents' faithful companion. No, the pets of the unemployed must be sent to the lethal chamber.

Maybe Mr. Clarence Smith, South Londoner, is not aware of this stern duty to his fellow-citizens. Maybe he has never even heard of Sir Frederick Senier. Smith, though vainly seeking work, still keeps his mongrel, Spot. Worse still, he is not ashamed of it.

☆ The other week, Spot's alarm saved him and his family from being roasted to death when the house caught fire late at night. And, by refusing to leave the house until the children he loved had been carried to safety, Spot was so badly burned that his life was despaired of.

Perhaps the unknown dog which has distinguished itself at Backworth, Northumberland, is also the pet of a workless man and so should be destroyed.

Mrs. Clarke, a platelayer's wife, was walking along the railway when a strange dog seized her coat. At first she thought it was attacking her; then it picked up a child's shoe and rushed ahead. The woman followed, saw three infants on the track. But let her tell the story herself:—

"None of them was more than three years old. I picked up one small boy and took him clear of the line. In the meantime, one of the two girls had clambered off the rails. I then caught hold of the other girl and managed to get her away just as the train approached.

"It was belching clouds of smoke, and I doubt very much whether the driver could have seen the children. After it had gone, I found a shoe of one of the girls fast between a fishplate and a bolt. Evidently they'd been trying to release their playmate."

Then there's Jenny, pet mongrel, who saved her master, Mr. W. H. Easey, a Suffolk farmer, when he was gored by a bull. Jenny first clung to the beast's nose. Finding that of no avail, she attacked its flanks and drove it off. Mr. Caradog Jones, who lives near Bangor; Mrs. Thomas, of Tyddynfu Farm, and scores of others can tell of such heroic feats performed by their own dogs.

Barely a week passes without the bravery of a dog in saving human life from fire, drowning, traffic or gas escapes being reported to the Canine Defence League, Our Dumb Friends' League, or the Tail-waggers' Club. To go through the records of these societies is to be amazed at the number of household pets whose intelligence and loyalty have triumphed over the sternest tests.

Something more than intelligence, in some cases. Call it the "sixth sense," if you will, though none can explain it. The fact remains that dogs have given the alarm *before* danger threatened. Most famous of all is Whisky, who, when in India with his master, saved the lives of thirty R.A.F. men by tugging at a bell rope half an hour before the terrible Quetta earthquake.

☆ Another dog refused to cross a bridge which was afterwards condemned as unsafe; it has often happened for a dog to refuse to enter a room in which the ceiling later collapsed.

And was it some mysterious awareness of danger to its master that led Prince, the Irish terrier, to journey in the early war days from Hammersmith to the Flanders trench held by his master's unit? No one knows. No one knows how Prince made that lone journey, despite the R.S.P.C.A. investigation which followed.

The only sure fact is that dogs, from the magnificent specimens exhibited in Cruft's great show this week to the humblest mongrels, have earned the right to be considered as man's friends.

It is true that Croydon wants to ban dogs entirely. Last year, when veterinary surgeons met at Scarborough, they were told by the mayor that dogs in towns were a "complete nuisance."

Well, look at your own dog, which is perhaps resting now before the fire with its head snuggled against your slippers. Ask yourself if its devotion to you, the pleasure in its brown eyes when you play with it, its willingness to sacrifice its life for you should the need arise, is not worth more consideration than the misanthropic magistrates and councillors who deplore the increasing dog population of Britain as a public misfortune.

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ALL-BRAN contains "bulk" which gently clears intestines of wastes and impurities which are ruining your complexion.

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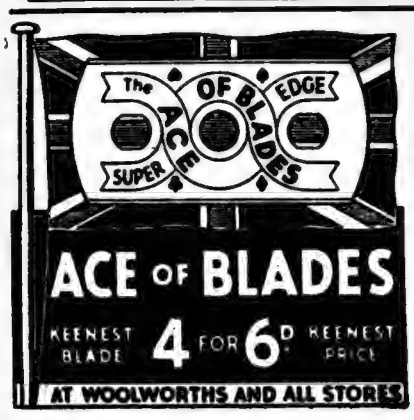

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Prize gooseberries—the ripest, fullest, juiciest ones you've ever tasted—that's the kind of gooseberry flavour you find in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles. And you also find lime and strawberry—lemon, raspberry, tangerine—apricot and blackcurrant!

Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

FRUIT CLEAR GUMS *are hard*
FRUIT PASTILLES *are medium*
And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUITS' in packets or loose 6d. ¼ lb.

2D TUBES
3D PACKETS
6D PACKETS

Gur 1 JB

take LIXEN the 'good-tempered' laxative

Take LIXEN if you desire (and who does not?) a laxative that works in a quiet, *controlled* way. LIXEN does this, and yet is—

thoroughly effective

Effective, because Allen & Hanburys have prepared it from senna. Their special process of preparation retains senna's invaluable laxative property and eliminates any griping tendency. This absence of harsh impurity makes LIXEN—

thoroughly gentle

At the outset LIXEN wins you over! LIXEN Lozenges are most "toothsome"—fruit flavoured—children above all, love them. And when the time comes for it to take effect, LIXEN does so thoroughly, but *gently*. This 'good-tempered' laxative is just what you want. Get your first supply, today.

make LIXEN your laxative

Obtainable only from chemists. Liquid in bottles, 1/-, 1/9 and 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins, 7½d. and 1/-. L.3

TWENTY thousand foreign buyers, it is announced, have arrived in England for the opening of the British Industries Fair in London and Birmingham next week.

The Department of Overseas Trade is preening itself on the figure. The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, which collaborates in arranging the Birmingham section of the Fair, at which the heavy industries are represented, is proud of the fact that it has had to go as far afield as Leamington, Warwick, Wolverhampton and Stratford to arrange hotel accommodation for these foreign visitors.

Both these bodies picture these foreign buyers as people with almost unlimited money to spend, and who won't be able to resist spending it when they see the cream of the Empire's manufacturing products arranged along thirty-five miles of aisles.

But we can present a somewhat more discomforting picture.

It is of hundreds of industrial spies from abroad who, coming here suitably disguised as "buyers," will do no more than purchase single specimens of articles which can be pirated and mass-produced in millions in the factories they represent in Japan, Germany, and some of the South American Republics in particular.

They are here at the moment. They are being treated as privileged guests. When the exhibition opens they will spend a few pounds at most—in some cases not more than a few shillings.

Then they will return to their own countries to get their own machines busy on the British ideas they have filched. They will flood the world with articles that should have been made by British workmen, but which, instead, have gone to provide lightly filled wage-packets for their own people.

Incredible though it may seem, a novel toilet device shown at the White City last year was being poured out in vast quantities by the factories of two different countries some months before the English maker whose design it was started production.

The year before that one English firm had sixty different ideas stolen from one section of the exhibition alone.

Every year it is the same. And the fault lies almost entirely at the door of our patent laws.

As we have pointed out before, we make the patenting of an article both too costly and too complicated. We have given instances of British inventors who have sold their ideas outright for a few pounds to foreign exploiters because they haven't been able to afford the cost of getting protection.

Ideas in some cases worth many thousands of pounds—what is more important, ideas that might have provided work for hundreds of Britons.

Flooded Britain

WE described last week the extent to which the country is in the grip of the flood demon. Since then a JOHN BULL representative has been out on a tour of investigation.

All the way from Paddington to Birmingham he saw meadows lost beneath swirling torrents of muddy water.

He saw cattle marooned, houses jutting out of the water like islands. On other test journeys into East Anglia, and westwards, he saw enough to realise that these conditions are almost general.

Thousands of families have either deserted their homes or are living under conditions of incredible misery.

We would take you into one stricken home. It is in Carmarthen. It was swamped as a result of the overflowing of the River Towy.

Flood water crept six feet up the walls, submerging the furniture. The family had to move to another house with the ruined furniture it salved. The damage—well, it would take the whole of a working man's salary for two months or more.

JOHN BULL paid the whole of this amount, as it has done in many such cases in the last few weeks, because the stricken householder had had the foresight to qualify for the protection of our unique Free Family Insurance Gift by appending his signature to a form.

It will be years before a sluggish administration will make Britain flood-proof. Meanwhile, what might happen to you and your possessions? Take the obvious course open to you, and turn to the qualifying forms now. They are on page 22.

Spies At The B.I.F.

We try to attract buyers from all parts of the world, but take few precautions to guard our industrial secrets from them

This piracy at the British Industries Fair is a new and even worse aspect.

Some of the so-called foreign buyers, in fact, will spend all the time between February 15 and February 26, the period in which the Fair is open, running backwards and forwards between the exhibition and the Patent Office to find articles on show which have not been protected.

Their victims are rarely people who have taken no steps whatsoever to protect their ideas. Not even a novice would be as stupid as that.

As a general rule, they are the people who believe that by notifying the Comptroller of Patents of their intention to safeguard their rights by patenting they have amply protected themselves.

One very certain thing in our maze of patent laws—and foreigners know all about it to their profit—is that the preliminary step, while good enough in some countries, is a poor safeguard here.

It doesn't prevent piracy by foreigners, who may copy the invention in detail, apply for protection in their own countries, and proceed to exploit the idea long before manufacturing is begun in the country where the original idea had its birth.

It is not for JOHN BULL to help them to gain the knowledge they require, but we can reveal that among the most startling ideas that will find expression at Birmingham and in London are many that these foreign industrial spies will be able to turn to their own use.

They are being shown by "little men" in industry who hope to emulate people who have laid the foundations of big businesses by showing in the "Empire's shop window," as the Fair is often called. Often they can only find the cost of exhibiting by dint of a struggle.

They hope to be able to raise the money that will permit them to manufacture on a large scale by virtue of the orders they can get. They little realise that one of their first small sales might encompass their ruin.

It must be borne in mind that what the Empire shows at its great annual Fair represents nearly every advance in our industrial skill in the twelve months preceding.

New models that out-do the old. Revolutionary ideas on which engineers have worked for years. Sudden brain-waves. Improvements that have come through perfect synchronisation between designers and workers.

Let us pick a few from the scores of thousands of ideas that will be put before the visiting foreigners. Most of them, of course, will be protected. They are described so that you will see how British industry puts its cards on the table once every year.

There is a weighing device that is dead accurate to one forty-millionth part of its load. You have only got to remember that its maximum load is two-thirds of an ounce to realise what degree of accuracy that means.

There is a liquid that boils at 82 degrees of frost. It would soon boil away if exposed at the North Pole. It enables the very lowest temperatures to be thermostatically controlled.

There is a gun that fires concrete into inaccessible places. Yes, it is an actual gun. The principle was discovered when a wad of clay got into the bore of a shotgun by accident.

A camera that will be put on show takes 3,000 pictures a second, which can afterwards be projected at any speed. The scientist studying stresses can photograph an aeroplane propeller turning at full speed, and then put it through his projector, so that it appears to be moving at the speed of an hour hand.

Synthetic resins have been so developed that one firm making them visualises the day when our houses will be built of them. Another foresees liners made of resin.

Not so much of a dream when you see bearings made of the material which will carry a load up to 2½ tons to the square inch.

You will want to laugh when you see the fisherman's kite. It will enable you to do deep-sea fishing while standing safely on the coast. For instance, you will be able to stand on Scarborough Pier and fish for tunny far out in the bay. The kite will drag your bait over the water as far out as your line will permit.

And you will be horrified when you see some of the latest and ugliest things in poison-gas masks; and awed when you see the diving-suit that enables divers to stay under water for 2½ hours without any link with the upper air.

There is everything from a wisp of swansdown for a powder-puff to the complete engine and transmission for an ocean-going ship. The whole range of British design and workmanship throughout the last twelve months is represented.

The product of British brains.... The only unfortunate thing is that, although intended to be made throughout by British labour, much of it, because of our antiquated patent laws, will go to foreign factories.

'10 minutes to wait

BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP'—

says *Isabel Jeans*

—so *Mine's a Minor!*

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED

In tins: **30** *for* **1/-** * **60** *for* **2/-** * *In boxes:* **15** *for* **6D** * **30** *for* **1/-**

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

FOR THAT LEISURED ½ HOUR—DE RESZKE MAJORS. 20 for 1/-

I don't pretend to know much about Advertising

—but I think that if you tell people what you make and what your aim is, in a clear, simple way, you won't go far wrong. That is why I shall keep on saying, in season and out of season, what I believe is the "heart," so to speak, of this company's policy—"*We won't make sets we wouldn't buy ourselves.*"

E. J. POWER.

THE SETS WITH NEW A·B·C TUNING

For the first time you can now tune to an *Alphabetical* list of Stations. Both the new Murphy sets at £11.10.0 and £10.15.0 have this innovation. No more searching all over the scale for the station you want. Just run your eye quickly down an alphabetical list of 60 stations. As simple as A.B.C.

CATHODE RAY INDICATOR

Most people know that modern sets need *exact* tuning or the quality of reproduction will suffer. Visual aids up till now have had the same width of selectivity as the sound coming from the loudspeaker and are therefore not a great deal of help in accurate tuning. This new Cathode Ray Indicator on the mains model operates very sharply right on the *centre* of the sound and tells you plainly the moment you get even slightly "off tune."

MAINS TABLE MODEL, AS ILLUSTRATED, SUPERSONIC HETERODYNE RECEIVER
Fitted with the new Alphabetical Station-Name Scale (A.B.C. Tuning) and Cathode Ray Indicator for easy, accurate tuning. Excellent reproduction, if anything even better than last year's Mains Table Set. There is Automatic Volume Control and a new form of distortionless Noise Suppression between stations. Heterodyne Filter is fitted to suppress whistles, "side-band splash," etc. There are sockets to take an External Loudspeaker. The Cabinet, like all Murphy cabinet-work, is extremely well constructed and is finished in polished figured brown Mahogany.
A.C. Model or D.C./A.C. Model, £11.10.0.

£10.15s. BATTERY Table Model
SUPERSONIC HETERODYNE RECEIVER. A.B.C. Tuning. Very high quality reproduction. Sound output greater than any previous Murphy Battery Set. Heterodyne filter. Uses any standard H.T. Battery. Automatic grid bias avoids necessity for separate bias battery and gives longer effective H.T. Battery life. Very low current consumption. Cabinet in Walnut and quilted Mahogany. Price does not include batteries.

£6.10s. BATTERY Table Model
"STRAIGHT" H.F. RECEIVER. Fitted with clear full-vision Station-Name Scale (not alphabetical). New feature of this set is what is called "Constant reaction," which simplifies tuning, especially on distant stations. Automatic grid bias. Very low current consumption. Uses any standard H.T. Battery. Cabinet in Walnut. Price does not include batteries.

Murphy radio

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MODELS

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

C.B.C. 640

HERBAL CLEANSING
for
INTERNAL YOUTH

What can surpass the glow of health and abundant energy? To possess these infallible signs of a sweet clean system, you must keep your body free from stagnant health-destroying material. Nature-Cure Research can help you! **Herbal Cleansing** with INNERCLEAN is Nature's **Cure** for Constipation! Take this famous blend of fine crushed herbs at bedtime—only half a teaspoonful, or enough to cover a sixpence. Put it on your tongue just as it is, dry from the packet. Wash it down with a little cold water. You'll **like** taking INNERCLEAN. No brewing, no mixing, no bother. Morning will bring gentle, complete relief.

N.B. ***It is quite unnecessary to make a habit of INNERCLEAN,*** lessen the amount every night until it is discontinued. Thousands of families, including young children, the aged and invalids, look to INNERCLEAN as a godsend—they have found **really** good health at last. A packet costs 2/6 or 4/6 at your chemist—or clip out the coupon below and send for FREE sample.

INNERCLEAN
ASSIST ● NATURE
HERBAL LAXATIVE

COUPON! POST NOW!

With twopence in stamps to cover postage of FREE packet of INNERCLEAN from Messrs. Brooks and Warburton, Ltd., Dept. L. 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Bronchial Cold almost cost young Bobbie's Life!

Bobbie's mother, Mrs. Golland, Asfordby St., Leicester, says: "It was wonderful how Vick eased his breathing, let him sleep, broke the back of the cold. It truly saved a hospital trip—and his life."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE
Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved—
WHITE, STAINLESS
VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Great BACON Mystery

No Wonder They Laugh!

JUST over three years ago, Mr. Walter Elliot—then Minister of Agriculture—set out to build up a great British bacon industry.

He tickled our appetites with talk of all-British bacon frizzling patriotically in the frying-pan; it was to be better, far better, than the very excellent and reliable bacon which Denmark and other Continental countries had supplied to us hitherto

The British farmer was flattered, too. He was urged to extend his piggeries and grow prosperous. Pig production, marketing and curing were to be so highly organised that nothing could go wrong.

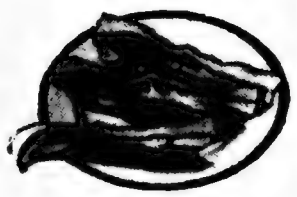
The British larder was to be stocked with 10,670,000 cwt. of bacon per year—no more. Then, for every hundredweight of bacon produced in Britain, a hundredweight of imported bacon was to be turned away from our shores.

The Bacon Marketing Scheme was born. Three grandiose bureaucracies—the Pigs Marketing Board, the Bacon Marketing Board, and, as a super refinement of efficient organisation, a Bacon Development Board—were created. All designed to bring home the bacon.

But Mr. Elliot's dream has turned out a nightmare.

To-day, the Bacon Scheme is moribund. Farmers finally abandoned it on December 31, after three years of experience of "organised" marketing. They have gone back to the market-places, to bargain their pigs for cash in the traditional manner.

CONSUMERS were disappointed from the beginning. The price of bacon rocketed right out of reach of the working-class housewife, and few could afford even the smell of Latvian bacon, let alone British. Then down had to come the price, to tempt us back to breakfast bacon, and up it would go again as soon as we'd bitten the bait. Up and down, up and down it went through the years—far more often up, of course, than down—and always was bacon dearer than in the days before Elliot.



What has been happening behind the scenes? What is the truth behind the bacon racket?

The first mistake Mr. Elliot made was in expecting a committee of farmers (the Pigs Board) to negotiate a fair deal with a committee of hard-bitten business men (the Bacon Board).

Every year, when these two Boards got together to evolve a contract to which farmers were expected to bind themselves for a year, the bacon manufacturers succeeded in selling the farmers a pig-in-a-poke.

The whole scheme was so profitable to the bacon manufacturers that they will not let it die. Although the Pigs Board, with its £10,000-a-month organisation at Thames House, Millbank, S.W., has been abandoned by the farmers and left without an income, the bacon manufacturers have arranged, voluntarily, to provide a "dole" to keep it technically in being.

There are 600 registered bacon-curing factories in this country—and more than half are hopelessly inefficient. Only 98 produce more than 1,000 tons of bacon a year.

Yet every side of bacon produced, however bad it may be, has to be found a place on the British market—and most of us have had some!

So unfortunate a reputation has British bacon achieved that for many months past foreign bacon has been dearer than the home product. Since there is three times as much foreign as British bacon available, this fact speaks for itself.

A farmer friend of mine, who developed pig production on a big scale under Elliot, said to me one morning over breakfast: "If only the people in the towns would help us by demanding British bacon in the shops, the Bacon Scheme would work. British pigs are as good as any in the world. . . ."

His wife confided to me afterwards that only once had she given her husband British bacon for breakfast—and he created a scene, telling her "not to buy such foreign rubbish again." She dare not tell him that he has been eating Danish bacon all their married life.

"The trouble with a lot of British bacon is that it is too patriotic. It's red, white, *and blue!*" added this very practical woman.

It costs approximately 12s. to turn a pig into a couple of sides of bacon, according to the most detailed factory accounts I have seen. But the offals—the curer's perquisites—are worth at least that much.

Practically every bacon curer can produce accounts showing that bacon costs more to produce than the market price. The Bacon Marketing Board has produced such figures, time after time, to beat down the farmers and get cheap pigs.

YET the heads, feet, blood, bone and offal of pigs are so valuable that in the case of one bacon factory I know the month by month production figures have shown a consistent "loss" on bacon production—but during the last financial year a net profit of £30,000 was recorded!

Pig-rearing is a far more uncertain business. Feeding-stuffs account for 80 per cent. of the cost of producing pigs for the bacon factory—and the cost of feeding-stuffs has been on the upgrade ever since the Scheme started. The overall increase to date is about 33 per cent.

Yet the curers, making large profits, insisted that farmers should supply pigs under contract in 1937 on much the same terms that obtained three years ago. They thought farmers were desperate, and would accept anything out of sheer loyalty to Mr. Walter Elliot.

They were wrong. Mr. Elliot, as a champion of agriculture, is discredited. He saw the red light weeks ago, and changed his job just in time. By the time the Bacon Scheme collapsed, Mr W. S. Morrison was Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Elliot promised us better and cheaper bacon. We have expensive bacon, and much of it is bad.

The Pigs Marketing Board, handling £10,000,000 worth of pigs for the bacon trade each year, was right out of touch with reality. Some of its members hardly knew the taste of British bacon.

A very high official once asked a member of the Board where he could get a sample of really good British bacon. "What, have you never tasted the right stuff?" was the reply; "I'll get you some."

Two days later they met again. The Board member solemnly handed over a little package—half a pound of streaky rashers. "Thanks, awfully," said the official; "where did you get it?"

"My wife bought it at the grocers. It was one-and-tuppence." And he waited while the very high official counted out the money.

Mr. Elliot promised the farmers prosperity, and when his schemes began to go wrong he promised to impose a levy on imports, and give the proceeds to the British farmer. Just a year ago, at the annual dinner of the National Farmers' Union, he declared: "The Government is pledged to the levy-subsidy plan for bacon. . . ."

The other day, Mr. Morrison had to explain to the farmers that the plan to which the Government was pledged would have to be abandoned.

So long as Mr. Elliot's marketing adventures had a glamour about them, the Government paid lip-service to them. With the Bacon Scheme's tragic end, the truth has been realised. We shall be dependent on imported bacon for many years to come, and Denmark, our biggest and most efficient supplier, is being courted by Germany, who is short of food because she has been putting so much into store against "emergency."

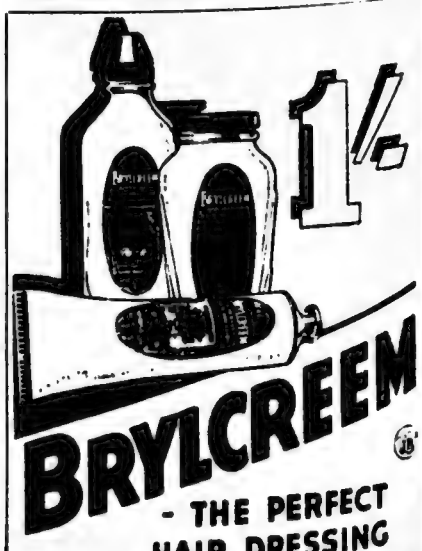
Will the Government wait too long before returning to economic sanity in the bacon business?

W. R.

This Book Is Needed In Every Home

Don't miss getting JOHN BULL's stupendous Home Presentation—"The Practical Man's Book of Things to Make and Do"—a mammoth 672-page book containing over 1,000 illustrations, 300,000 words and hundreds of things you can make and do yourself.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 and post the Reservation Form "A" TO-DAY.



The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

perhaps you're doubtful

Probably you're a bit sceptical about getting a decent smoke for 8d., but listen. "Digger" has the largest sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco in the country. Thousands of pounds weight are supplied to smokers every day. So if you're doubtful about 8d. giving you good value, invest in a packet of "Digger." Player's make it—Flake, Shag, Mixture, and Plug, and "Digger" lives up to their reputation.

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P.D.43

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Iron Starvation

The Thief of Health and Strength

A book every Man & Woman should read

The poor health of thousands of people is due to iron-starvation, *but they do not know it.*

That is why you *must* read our new booklet "*IRON STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength*" which will be sent post free on receipt of this coupon. Some headings are:—The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron Starvation Woman's Worst Enemy—The Vicious Circle of Iron Starvation—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better Than Any Beauty Treatment—The Iron-Starved Man—The Iron-Starved Child—Hints on Diet—etc.

This booklet tells you how IRON 'JELLOIDS' strengthen your nerves, correct IRON STARVATION, enrich your blood, and give IRON-STRENGTH to every cell in your body. It explains also how IRON 'JELLOIDS' improve, not only your health, but also your appearance and your outlook on life.

Lose no time in sending for this interesting booklet. Learn how MORE IRON will make you vigorously healthy and strong. It won't take you a minute to fill in the coupon. Do it NOW! Post it TO-DAY!

Send Coupon for a FREE COPY of this helpful and informative booklet

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Heart Pains—Poor Appetite—Weak Digestion—Constipation Headaches — Paleness — Falling Hair Skin Blemishes—Brittle Nails—Pimples

Of all Chemists

3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

For MEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A (with Quinine).
WOMEN: No. 2. CHILDREN: No. 1.

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To the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dept. J2) Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength." J 1: 13.2.37

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Write in BLOCK *letters and enclose coupon in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp.*

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA and NEURITIS.

It is not a drug, or a medicine, or an ordinary tea doctored by chemicals. It is the tiny leaf of a tropical plant called "HERVEA." You drink it just like ordinary tea, and if you take HERVEA every morning and evening, you will feel a different being almost at once. It drives every trace of uric acid out of the system and

ALL YOUR PAINS GO

Hundreds of one-time sufferers in all walks of life now owe to this simple little remedy freedom from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica and Neuritis and all other uric acid troubles.

One well-known Scottish Peeress who had been crippled for years writes: "People have been so struck with the marked change in me that I have had to give away three of the packets and am now sending for six more."

I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Professional Men and persons in all ranks of life.

You need risk no money to prove for yourself the genuineness of this remedy, and I particularly ask you to write to me if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply and I will send you a trial quantity of HERVEA free of charge. If you feel that you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. Write to-day—now while you think of it. The cost is nothing and you may never regret doing so.

Send for **FREE PACKET** *NOW!*

Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept. 685a), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 2 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

quickly relieved by Vitadatio.

Wonderful tributes to Vitadatio, the famous herbal remedy are received daily.

Mrs. Walton, 48, Bentgate St., Newbey, Rochdale, writes:—'For four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the spine, which discharged 28 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles my back was easier, so I persevered with it. I have been working two years and keeping fit.'

If you are a sufferer do not give up hope—cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach complaints, Vita-Latio stands alone. Get a bottle to-day. If further proof is required, write for book of testimonials.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/- & 5/- per bottle, post (6d. extra in U.K.).
From VITADATIO, No. 181, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Help your dog to grow his winter coat

Your dog needs a winter coat as much as you do. He *should* grow it naturally to keep him warm and dry at this time of year; this however is impossible unless he has rich, pure blood to stimulate its growth. Because your dog lives a domesticated life he has to depend on *you* to keep his blood pure. Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which contain the natural blood correctives every dog needs. By purifying his blood these famous powders will enable him to grow a coat so thick and warm that even the heaviest rain and coldest winds cannot pierce it. Then he will *enjoy* his winter.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS

cure and prevent winter lassitude, sickness, loose, rugged coat, scratching and eczema. *In pkts. 6d. & 1/- from chemists & dog shops.*

Chronic indigestion

is nature's warning

BANISH CONSTIPATION!

Chronic indigestion is a sure sign that the whole 35 feet of your intestinal tract is clogged with poisonous waste matter. This dangerous form of constipation—often unsuspected—is also the cause of headaches, stomach disorders, indigestion, skin eruptions—besides often leading to very serious illness. Feen-a-mint will put you on the road to new health. Only Feen-a-mint is made so that it mixes with the natural saliva and cleanses your entire system *thoroughly, naturally* and *pleasantly.*

Fifteen Million satisfied users

Feen-a-mint *looks* different, its *action* is different, it *is* different from any other laxative. That is why there are over 15 million satisfied users of Feen-a-mint. Its fresh mint flavour makes it the ideal family laxative. Sold in 1/3 packets everywhere, or for free sample send 1½d. stamp for postage to White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. V.4.) 15, Thames House, London, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT

WITH THE CLEAN MINT FLAVOUR

ARE *Your* CHILDREN *As* Difficult..?

Parents should not promptly blame their children's waywardness when scenes become more frequent than they should

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
By PHILIP INMAN

A FATHER said to me the other day, "My boy has never caused me a moment's anxiety." He is a lucky man. Now I receive a large number of letters on the problems of child life. On my desk is one from a woman whose boy of eleven is causing her great concern because he is so very backward.

At school, she says, he is only in the second standard, while other boys of the same age are in the fourth and the fifth. He is bad both at writing and reading and seems to have no desire to learn.

He simply hates going to school and there is always a scene every Monday morning and after every holiday. In fairness to him, I ought to point out that he has had almost every childish ailment—whooping cough, measles, chicken-pox—and last year he was away for two months with appendicitis.

I wonder if it would be a good thing to try another school, as we are in comfortable circumstances and could afford to send him to a private one?

There are two reasons why some children do not make headway in school. The first, put bluntly, is shortage of brain power. We are all made differently and there are some who possess more grey matter than others. But those who are not blessed with too many brains are compensated by having other gifts.

They are usually intensely practical. And often they progress further along the road of life than their brainy brothers. I remember two boys at my own school who were both regarded as backward.

They were always at the bottom of the examination lists. And many a time they were made to stand in a corner with a dunce cap on.

Those two backward boys are now highly successful business men. That experience could be multiplied a thousandfold. It by no means follows that the backward boy at school will be a failure in later life.

❖❖ I said a moment ago that there are two reasons why some children do not make headway at school. And I should think the second one applies in this particular case. This boy, owing to various illnesses, has missed his lessons—sometimes for weeks at a time.

When he goes back he finds that his friends have progressed all along the line. It is a terrible struggle to pull up and it leads to what psychologists call "inferiority complex." He begins to feel that he is not as clever as they are, and this in turn makes him careless and indifferent.

I have seen children in this condition improve rapidly when handled rightly. I advise my correspondent and her husband to have a talk with that schoolmaster. As they are in comfortable circumstances, I would make this suggestion to him.

Let the boy stay away from school, say, for three months, and during that time arrangements should be made for him to have individual tuition. I am told that he is weak in reading and writing. Special attention should be given to these subjects. And I will make this prophecy.

Once he gets confidence in himself and discovers that he does not lag behind other boys of his own age, he will soon make headway.

Many parents write to me about inherited weaknesses. Their own parents were drunkards or gamblers or work-shy. Will those tendencies be passed on and come out in their own children?

I have a very good husband, says one woman, and we have been happily married for four years. The only source of anxiety has been our little girl, aged three.

My grandfather died in a mental home and my father was temporarily removed to a similar institution during the time my baby was coming. The cause of his trouble was excessive drinking, but he is now quite all right again.

The thought of these things is a great worry to me, for my daughter is highly strung and I sometimes think this must be due to her ancestry.

The doctor says she will grow out of this nervous disposition, but I shall be glad if you will tell me if there is anything I can do for her.

A few weeks ago I was talking with an eminent children's specialist. I put this question to him, "Which is more important—environment or heredity?" Without any hesitation he replied, "Environment."

In his opinion home conditions had at least 90 per cent. influence upon the child. And only 10 per cent. was handed down by its forebears. If that be true, it is a fact of tremendous importance.

It means that those who adopt children need not have the same qualms about taking an unknown little one into their homes. It also brings comfort and reassurance in cases like that of my correspondent.

This mother must realise that the future health and happiness of her child is largely in her own keeping. If she continues to worry it will probably react upon her little one and bring about that result which she particularly wants to avoid.

The best chance she can give her is to let her grow up in a happy, peaceful and contented home.

❖❖ My next correspondent starts her letter with these words:

I have recently become a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and having found your articles exceedingly interesting and sensible, I am writing for your advice on my problem.

She goes on to say:

I have a daughter aged five who is a very unusual child, and is inclined to be very forward with the opposite sex. Let me explain what I mean. If we are travelling on a tram or a bus and the conductor smiles at her she will say, "He's nice, Mummy."

Naturally it causes quite a lot of amusement and places me in a very embarrassing position. Not long ago, if I sent her on an errand, she started to bring strange men home with her. Imagine my surprise on opening the door one day to see her with a big Irishman holding her hand.

My little girl, with a smile, said, "Isn't he a nice man, Mummy, for bringing me home?"

I was frightened beyond words, as one reads such terrible things in the papers, so I told her that she must never speak to strangers again, as they might take her away from me and her daddy.

It seems that I have explained all wrong, because when I ask her to go short messages now she is very nervous and comes home breathless. What would you advise me to do?

❖❖ It is quite clear to me what has happened in this case. Some young folk like to have attention paid to them. This little girl has discovered by passing comments upon bus and tram conductors that she has aroused interest and amusement.

That emboldened her to do other things. When she was out on errands she asked strange men to see her home. Now, she is only five years old, and it would be a great pity if that friendly little soul were frightened or embittered.

On the other hand, I can quite understand the mother's anxiety and embarrassment. The best plan, for the time being, would be to get some older child to go with her on those little missions, or, if that is not possible, for the mother to go with her little girl herself.

If a bus or a tram journey has to be undertaken, let the child's mind be diverted by having little competitions such as how many other buses they will pass or how many dogs they can count on the road.

By turning her interest into other channels she will not have the opportunity of commenting upon the people around her. I feel sure that by tactful handling this phase will soon pass away. And no ill-effects will be left in its train.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

10,000 DOCTORS recommend amazing NEW formula for CATARRH

When you've got Catarrh and can't breathe—when your nose is stuffed up and your head is throbbing—it is then this new remedy offers you immediate relief. It is not a tablet nor yet an inhalant, but a bland liquid compound with amazing curative powers. The seat of all catarrhal infections and cold germs is in the *cavities* behind the nasal passages that lead to the throat. A few drops of this soothing compound 'NEMAKOL' dropped into the nose with a special dropper penetrate almost imperceptibly right to the seat of the trouble and, unlike an evaporating inhalant, stay there until their germ-killing work is done. And then in less than a minute your head feels free and you can breathe easily again. Get a bottle of 'NEMAKOL' (remember the name) from your Chemist today (price 1/6d); it means sudden death to all colds and catarrh germs.

MOTHER!

GIVE YOUR CHILD THE STRENGTH TO THROW OFF HIS COLD

MANY mothers think it's the coughing or sniffling that are the most serious symptoms of their child's cold. So they treat it with a remedy that is only local in its effect and then wonder why the cold often breaks out again. The real trouble is in the child's whole body; and it's that bodily weakness which local remedies can't reach. He isn't rid of his cold completely or safe against further colds till his bodily strength has been built up.

That's what Scotts Brand Emulsion does. It's a quick-acting, body-building tonic for children. An eminent Research Body has proved that

30 minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion, every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body; particularly his chest and lungs.

That's how Scotts Brand Emulsion gives your child the strength to throw off his cold. He soon stops coughing. Develops a healthy colour and a keen appetite. Starts to put on weight. Goes safely through the rest of the winter, while less fortunate children are either coughing or sniffling or running a temperature.

If your child has had a cold already, beware of another. Every cold leaves him weaker, more open to infection. Give him Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly from today and you won't have to worry about his health these treacherous months.

SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

Starts strengthening your child's chest within 30 minutes

How Mr. Cheverall removed his STOMACH PAIN

There is no doubt that Mr. Cheverall, whose letter is quoted below, feels that the best removal job he has ever done is the removal of the stomach pain he had suffered from so long. Stomach trouble of any kind makes steady, happy work impossible, and sometimes brings the haunting spectre of a dreaded operation. But Mr. Cheverall's experience shows that no stomach sufferer need despair.

"Twice in hospital with Duodenal Ulcer"

"46 Edward Street, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.

"I have been a sufferer from Duodenal Ulcer, and have been in hospital twice. I tried everything but found no relief. Then I was to have gone back to hospital for an operation.

"Before trying Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I was served with a packet I thought was genuine. I took the powder but my pain was still there. I found I had an imitation. The difference on taking your powder was great. I have taken four bottles, and now ask for food I was afraid to touch because of the pain I got afterwards.

"My work is far from light—furniture moving, including pianos and safes. I can now do it alright and can eat without pain. I am feeling a different man."

C. Cheverall.

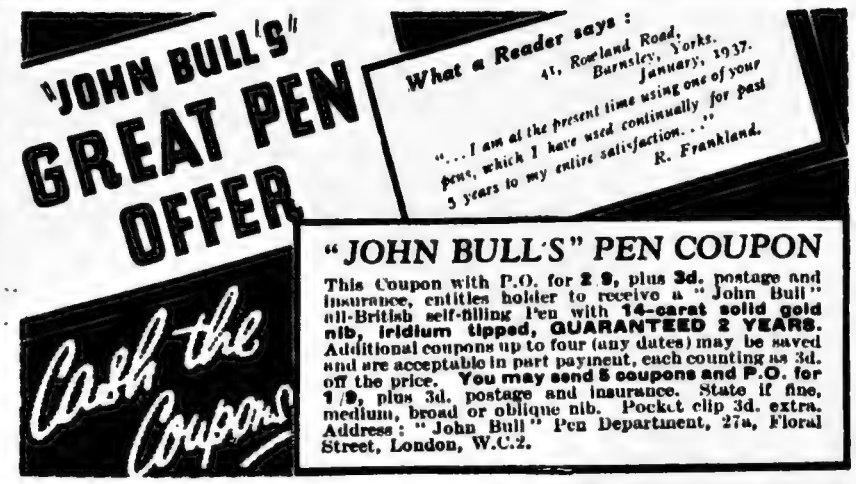
How Maclean Brand Stomach Powder lifts the burden of pain and sickness

The original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder does its healing work so well because it banishes the cause of stomach pain. It gently cleanses the stomach and intestines, preventing poisonous accumulation; it neutralises acidity which destroys the stomach wall; and it puts a protective coating over inflamed or delicate parts of the stomach, preventing ulceration. Be sure you get the **original Maclean Brand** Stomach Powder with the signature "**Alex. C. Maclean**" on both bottle and carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form.

Look for this signature *Alex. C. Maclean*

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.


"JOHN BULL'S"
GREAT PEN OFFER
Cash the Coupons
What a Reader says:
41, Rowland Road, Barnsley, Yorks. January, 1937.
"... I am at the present time using one of your pens, which I have used continually for past 5 years to my entire satisfaction..."
R. Frankland.

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for **2/9**, plus **3d.** postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

THE QUADS BETTER

'The Quads' caught Cold and the doctor used NOSTROLINE nasal remedy. Wonderful modern medical treatment. Stops Colds, Catarrh, Influenza. Instant relief. Adults & Children. 1/3 Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J. 89. Clifton, Bristol.

A FREE *Furnishing* BOOK that You ought to possess.

AN excellent guide to Furnishing is offered in the Drage announcement on page 12. Suites and quality furniture can be obtained on their famous 50 Pay-Way Terms, from as low as 4/6 monthly. Fill in the Coupon for a free copy of their 32-page Brochure, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Drage's Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 73-77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

★ FRUIT FLAVOURED SYRUP

Always a delightful change from Golden Syrup or Treacle, Clark's Maple-flavoured Syrup combines the popular maple flavour with the health-giving properties of pure Cane Sugar and Glucose. Buy a jar from your grocer to-day and use it in place of ordinary golden syrup.

Packed in useful Fumeless Ash-Tray Jar, as illustrated, price 9½d.

★Obtainable in 8 Flavours: Orange, Lemon, Greengage, Raspberry, Strawberry, Black Currant, Pineapple, Maple.

Packed by: Clark's Creamed Barley, Mark Lane Station Buildings, E.C.3.

CLARK'S Fruit Flavoured SYRUPS 8

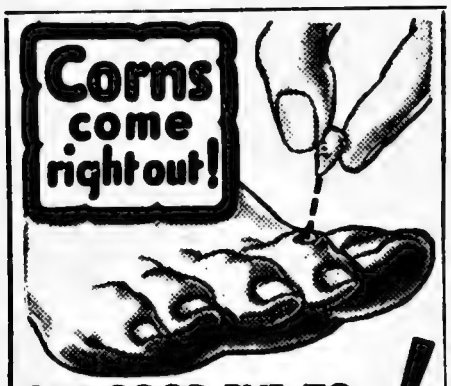
The *Quick* Way WITH RHEUMATIC PAINS

Rub on this SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

This treatment will make sure of instant relief! Get a pot of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is super-strength. It is the most powerful remedy you can buy, yet it will not burn or blister. Thousands who have been driven well nigh desperate with those agonising stabbing pains have found blessed relief from this agony in a jar of Musterole!

Because Musterole is so much more powerful and penetrating it costs a little more than ordinary preparations, but what are a few pence against the *certain* and almost instant relief from pain and discomfort that Musterole brings? Actually, you will find Musterole very economical because, owing to its great penetrating power, you need use so little at a time. A pot of Musterole in the house may save you and yours hours of pain and misery—it is equally swift and sure with coughs, sore throats, chest colds, muscular rheumatism, 'Flu (in thousands of cases it has prevented pneumonia), aches and sprains and congestion.

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT PRICE 2/6



SAY GOOD-BYE TO CORNS, CALLOUSES & SORE ACHING FEET!

SAY goodbye to corns and foot pains! Here's the quickest, surest relief known. Just plunge your aching, corn-tortured feet into the medicated and oxygenated water of a 'Reudel' Salts foot-bath. Relief is almost instant! Oxygen enters the pores, banishing tiring acids and carrying special corn-loosening salts to the roots so that corns soon come right out easily and painlessly! Don't risk blood-poisoning by cutting your corn, but get *quicker and safer* relief with 'Reudel.'

A DOCTOR SAYS: *"I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Salts' . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J.—O.B.E., M.D.*

REUDEL BATH SALTS
(Say ROO-DEL)

Only in YELLOW packets
1/6—large size 2/6.

INDIGESTION—Don't Let it spoil your day

'BISODOL' gives QUICK RELIEF

'BiSoDoL' is a complete *Treatment* for disorders of the Stomach, such as indigestion, acidity, heartburn, flatulence, etc., and will give quick and lasting relief. It can be given to both adults and children alike with absolute safety.

'BiSoDoL' ensures you freedom to eat what you like without fear of pain or discomfort. It is a scientific preparation of specially selected ingredients, each of which has a particular and important function — one assists digestion, another neutralizes acids and another relieves the painful inflammatory condition of the stomach walls.

Sufferers from Stomach disorders need only give 'BiSoDoL' a trial to be convinced that 'BiSoDoL' is not just another stomach powder, but a COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT.

'BiSoDoL' may be obtained from all Chemists, either in Powder or Tablet form.

POWDER	*TABLETS*
Price 1/3 & 3/-	Price 1/- (30)
Family size 4/9	And 2/6 (100)

You can readily prove the truth of the above statement by sending for a free sample of Powder or Tablets to BiSoDoL Limited, Dept. 68.A. Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

BiSoDoL
THE COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT

NIPITS VOICE THROAT HA[CK] PASTILLES
GIVE YOU WARMTH WHERE YOU WANT IT!
1D TINS 3D TINS of all confectioners

THE BROWN CAT

The huge brown cat had flown at the men, and the scratches on their hands and faces gave them away

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 77,263, Mrs. B. Evans, 11, Arthur Street, Osney, Oxford.

"HAD I not taken the long way round to the library," Mrs. Evans said, "I would never have encountered an experience that has remained for ever fresh in my memory.

"The reason I took the longer way was because I had been indoors all day, and needed exercise. When I left our house, I felt very depressed. This might have been due to the excessive heat, for it was a sultry day with scarcely a breath of air.

"The route I took was lined with tall, old houses that before the war were owned by wealthy families, but are now turned into flats. In front of these were lovely gardens that, at the time of which I speak, were alive with seasonable blooms.

"After I'd been walking for about five minutes, I turned into a long avenue on either side of which were lofty trees. The houses in this street were more or less the same as the others in the neighbourhood, but they were still occupied by old, well-to-do families.

"I had not gone many yards along this avenue when I saw the strangest-looking cat I'd ever seen in my life. At first, I thought it was quite a different sort of animal. It was at least half as big again as an ordinary cat. It had a thick brown coat and a weird pair of amber-coloured eyes.

"When it came bounding across the road towards me I stepped back in fear. For a moment I thought it was going to fly at me. But, instead, it stopped at my feet, and looking up at my face, began to mew in a manner that suggested that it was trying to tell me something.

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"A minute later it moved towards the kerb, where it paused and looked back at me. As I moved in its direction it started to walk across the road, looking at me over its shoulder.

"I was so intrigued by the curious behaviour of the animal that I decided to follow it to see what would happen. I might mention here that I am extremely fond of cats, and during my life I've had quite a lot to do with them. But I had never seen one exemplify such apparent intelligence as this one. It was uncanny.

"Reaching the other side of the road, I paused to see what it would do next. At this juncture I became aware that the avenue was completely deserted, and that everything seemed to be dead. This uncanny silence created a sort of awe in me. I can't explain why this was or exactly what it was like—it was as if there was something wrong somewhere, if you know what I mean.

"The cat walked along for some way, then turned into an open gate of a large house. It had no sooner vanished than it reappeared, looking as though it were making sure that I was following it.

"At the gate I stroked it and asked what was the matter. Arching its back it mewed again, after which it moved through the gate.

"For a few moments I lingered outside wondering what I ought to do. You see, I disliked the idea of trespassing, but at the same time I felt intuitively that the cat wanted me to follow it. There was more evidence of this when it paused half-way down a path that led to the back of the house. From where I stood I could see no sign of life in the house.

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"In the end I decided to go inside and investigate. If anybody challenged me I would merely explain that I had been charmed by the animal and desired to know more of its antecedents.

"The path down which I walked extended through a gate and terminated at a large lawn. Although the grass on this was long, the presence of deck chairs told me that it had been in recent use, and from this fact I inferred that the occupants were not far away.

"Looking up some steps, I saw that the back door was wide open. By this time the cat had reached the top of the steps and now stood inside the door mewing.

"'Is there anybody in?' I called out.

"Receiving no answer, I walked up to the back door and knocked. Again there was no answer. Then just as I was about to leave I was startled by footsteps that sounded like two or three people running frantically downstairs. Following this were exciting whispers, which finished with the violent slam of what was apparently the front door.

"Not knowing what to do next, I stood there watching the cat, which was now manifesting great excitement. It would run into the house for a second, and then return to my side, crying in the most pathetic fashion.

"After calling out twice more, I finally took the bull by the horns and went inside. I found the kitchen table covered with cooking utensils and other things, suggesting that somebody had recently been in the act of preparing a meal. Venturing down a long corridor, I at length came to a hall. Here I saw two women's hats and coats on a stand. To the right of this a door was open.

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"My feelings at this stage were decidedly apprehensive, for I imagined, a minute before, that I had heard a slight groan. The cat was nowhere in sight.

"Peering around the door, I saw a large, lavishly furnished room in a state of complete chaos. Things and papers were littered all over the carpet, and there were chairs and ornaments on the floor suggesting that there had been a struggle.

"Surveying the room and wondering what had occurred, my eye caught sight of a small, dark patch on the carpet. When I touched it I was horrified to see the stain of blood on my finger.

"A second later I was startled by a sound of groaning. This seemed to come from upstairs. Looking around, I beheld the cat standing with an arched back in the doorway. It looked positively weird. Its eyes were wild and filled with an uncanny light. In a flash it disappeared.

"The groans grew louder. With my heart thumping wildly, I ascended the stairs. At the top I saw a door open. Inside the room on a bed there was an old lady with blood on her face—she looked ghastly.

"I saw that her hands were secured with cord. When I was untying this I was startled by a noise that came from a large cupboard. Rushing over to it, I flung open the door, and there on the floor a girl in maid's uniform was gagged and bound.

"Although a little exhausted, the girl was otherwise uninjured. When we had revived the old lady I heard the full story.

"She and her maid had been out shopping. During their absence, thieves had broken into the house. The maid had taken her outdoor clothes off and was in the act of preparing a light lunch, when she was startled by screams upstairs. Rushing into her mistress' bedroom, she was grabbed from behind, thrown on the bed, bound, and then bundled into the cupboard. During the struggle the old lady had cut her head on the bed rail.

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"While this was in progress, the cat had flown at the men, but sensing that the odds were against it, it had left the house to attract attention. The blood I had discovered was apparently from the wounds of the thieves.

"When the police had taken particulars, they left in their car. Three hours later they were back at the house enquiring whether the old lady was well enough to go to the police station to identify the men—they had been picked up on suspicion.

"The scratches on their faces and hands had given them away.

"The men were subsequently tried and sent to prison. The police were complimented by the judge for their smart work. But the real hero of this drama received no official praise. From those of us who knew what marvellous work he had done, however, Billy, the cat, received more than praise—he had one of the tastiest meals possible."

Enamel paint—cleaned *instantly*

'Min' is the modern, easy-way method of cleaning paint. With the minimum of rubbing 'Min' removes dirt and restores the original brilliance of the enamel.
Tins 6d. and 1/-
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FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES
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DOES YOUR CHILD COUGH?

Grave Warning to Parents

This winter is proving especially dangerous to children. It is attacking their little chests and lungs. Many are indeed in grave peril. Does *your* child cough: even ever so slightly? Does *your* little one suffer from:—

—Hard Dry Cough ?
—Loose Tearing Cough ?
—Pains When Breathing ?
—Phlegm in Throat ?
—Constant Irritating "Hacking" Cough ?
—Chills and Colds ?
—Feverishness and Night Coughing ?
—Whooping Cough ?
—Perpetual Clearing of the Throat ?
—Sore Throat or Chest ?

If so, be warned! Your child's health is threatened! Do not delay in giving at once a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE.

Look After Little Lungs!

Remember your child's lungs are especially vulnerable to every attack. Each cough weakens the lungs! But VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE will stop the danger because VENOS will stop the cough instantly, bringing away all that nasty phlegm and soothing the soreness in the throat and chest.

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LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 11½d, 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle

Trust Snowfire Tablet to help you avoid wash-day hands

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE

AFTERMATH OF 'FLU

My Advice to YOU

If YOU are suffering from an attack of 'Flu, or recovering from an attack, I want to warn you. Beware of the dangerous aftermath! Just as a severe storm passing through the countryside leaves in its wake a trail of wreckage, so does 'Flu wreck your HEALTH and leave behind serious Weakness! This present 'Flu especially!! It is more dangerous *after* it has gone than when you are suffering from it! You need AT ONCE the formula now known to the World as Dr. Cassells Tablets!

Case No. 513

Dear Sirs, I was taken ill with 'Flu and had treatment for a fortnight but nothing I took would touch me. I sent to the chemist for a 1/3 Bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets. I took just two before retiring. I felt much better the next morning and was soon completely fit again.

I am still feeling O.K.—and am out and about my business. I can honestly say that could I afford it I would buy dozens of Dr. Cassells Tablets and give them to any poor soul who had the same terrible symptoms as myself. Yours faithfully, (Signed) H.S.D., Leeds.

Case No. 462

Dear Sirs, I am writing to tell you what a lot of good Dr. Cassells Tablets have done for me.

I had a very bad attack of the 'Flu, which left me so very weak for some time that I could scarcely stand. To do anything was impossible.

Since I first started to take your tablets, I have found a big difference in myself.

I am regaining some of my lost strength and am feeling very much better indeed. I am so thankful I got to know of them through your advertisement. Yours respectfully, (Signed) Mrs. A.P., Stoke-on-Trent.

YOU NEED AN ALL-ROUND TONIC

The reason why I particularly counsel Dr. Cassells Tablets at this time is because an attack of 'Flu weakens every organ and function of your body. Nerve strength is Exhausted: The Blood is Weakened: The Digestion is Deranged: The Spirits and Vitality are Lowered.

Obviously only an All-Round Tonic, one which will benefit *every* function and organ, and *every* nerve and fibre, is going to restore you *completely* to Health!

If, therefore, you have any of the following symptoms:

HEADACHES HYSTERIA INSOMNIA | NEURITIS NEURALGIA | IRRITABILITY INDIGESTION | "NERVES" WEAKNESS DEPRESSION

take my advice and instantly begin taking Dr. Cassells Tablets!

This wonderful remedy contains the NERVE TONICS to rebuild your Nerves: the BLOOD NUTRIENTS to enrich your Blood: the DIGESTIVES to assist Digestion: and the HYPOPHOSPHITES to restore your Vitality and recharge you with Energy and Health!

Get a Bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY!

Sold everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

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The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

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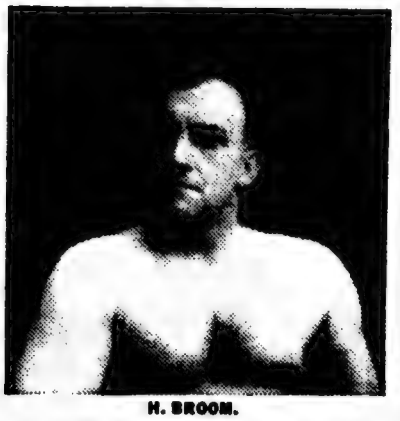
Acclaimed by all the Leading Journals as:
"The Most Successful Course of All Time"

OVER **43,000** Testimonials (subject to Accountant's Certificate).



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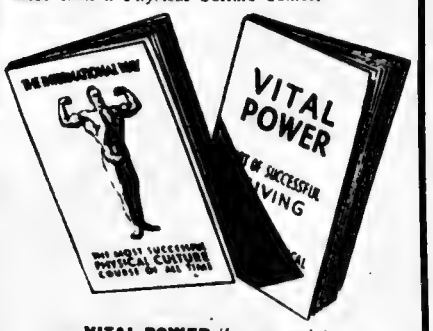
MAIL A CARD NOW FOR THESE TWO FREE BOOKS!

I have published an Instructional Book which clearly shows the surest and quickest way to Health and Strength and how to overcome Worry, Habits, Nerves and Inferiority Complex. It shows how thousands of readers just like you have been turned into outstanding personalities. . . . Their Dreams have come True. The Book is FREE to every reader. You will be staggered at what this Modern Science can do . . . It is more than a Physical Culture Course.



VITAL POWER (for men only).
WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW.
The real secrets are revealed here for the first time in my book, "Vital Power" in plain unvarnished English . . . Nothing is hidden and it shows you the ART OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING . . . This Book is also FREE to all who write for my book "The International Way" without obligation.

H. BROOM

BROOM HALL, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL.
"The World's Premier P.C. Expert by results.
85% of all Pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

COUPON

To H. BROOM, Broom Hall, Holderness Road, Hull.
Please send me without obligation your TWO FREE BOOKS. The INTERNATIONAL WAY and VITAL POWER.
Name .....
Address .....
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Please use block letters. J.B.

Brautey

COLDS AND CHILLS
WEAKEN THE KIDNEYS

COLDS, CHILLS OR INFLUENZA ATTACKS overwork the kidneys, and one illness often leads to another as a result. When the activity of the delicate kidney filters weakens, impure blood carries poisons to all parts of the body. Backache, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, painful muscles and joints, swellings and nerve pains set in and make life a misery. Don't take needless risks, but take Doans Backache Kidney Pills before you feel any worse. They stimulate the kidneys, relieve the pain and prevent the onset of chronic rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and other serious complaints.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

A Wreck of my former Self.

Mrs. A. Watson, "Haysville," London Road, Biggleswade, says:—"For seven weeks I could hardly move. Fearful pains in the back nearly doubled me up. My hands and ankles were swollen and I seemed to lose control of the bladder. There was gravel and a scalding pain in relief. I was a wreck of my former self.

"Doans Backache Kidney Pills were the making of me. Although my case seemed chronic, I lost my backache and could work with ease. (Signed) A. Watson."

Get Rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

BETTER SMOKES for NOTHING EXTRA

Try this better-cigarette idea. Get a packet of A.G with your tobacco. Roll a cigarette, light up, and you will get an enjoyable flavour you had not noticed before. A cooler smoke that you will enjoy to the last puff—and you'll find that it lasts *much* longer. You save money by rolling your own—try it and you'll be agreeably surprised. Start now—but be sure to insist on A.G—this paper makes all the difference. And you get it in an automatic packet that's really automatic.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*

THE *IMPROVED* AUTOMATIC PACK

COSTS NO MORE

after SMOKING

VICK BRAND LOZENGES

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

TASTE GOOD—DO GOOD

ROGUES *With A Plundering* PEN

ANOTHER begging-letter writer has been congratulated by a magistrate on his "remarkable literary ability." It is always happening. They are always being advised from the Bench to turn their undoubted descriptive abilities to better use.

How these members of the whining fraternity smile at the gullibility of the justices, knowing as they do that no man who hopes to get a fat living out of begging letters would depart from the standard patterns that have served generation after generation of cringing mendicants.

The trick of writing "I can say no more. Tears blot the page"—and then dropping three spots of glycerine on the writing.

Such phrases as "I have but one relative I could turn to in my distress, and she married to a missionary and living where no letters could reach her," and "Last night I slept in a barn at Barnet."

These are the work of master begging-letter writers long since dead, still practised to-day, and which will be perpetuated as long as begging letters are written.

Magistrates marvel at the ingenuity of our begging-letter writers: but they only follow the pattern of their early 19th century fellow-tricksters

That barn at Barnet must have pretty well had its roof snored off, judging by the thousands of letters mentioning it which have always been in circulation since 1875, signed by scores of different rogues.

"Why Barnet?" you might ask. Because Barnet is just one day's tramp from London, an important point when you read on to find that the writer has just reached London, on bleeding feet, to find that only lack of professional tools stands in the way of his getting a job.

Ever since the end of the Napoleonic Wars somebody who has just limped into London has been wanting that bag of tools. Dozens and sometimes hundreds of letters have gone out every day to say so. The barn at Barnet was introduced sixty-one years ago, a clever beggar's touch of improvement to a formula that had served him well.

OLDER still the letter appealing for money to "repair the wheel of the waggon which is our home." The phraseology of that appeal went unchanged from about 1750 until the middle of the last century, when some genius added a heartrending sentence telling how an angry landowner had given the family a week to clear off his estate, which was impossible with the wheel in its shattered condition.

Begging-letter writers knew all about the sentimental appeal of a broken wheel just 187 years before the writer of the popular song, "The Wheel of the Waggon is Broken."

No wonder the London Mendicity Society, the Charity Organisation Society and other organisations which strive to defeat these begging-letter writers find life is brightened up considerably on the very rare occasions when an entirely new type of cadging epistle comes their way.

"There was a big increase in begging after the battle of Waterloo," an official of the London Mendicity Society told a JOHN BULL representative. "Letters that went out then are still going out to-day. Some of them are sent on to us by recipients who wonder whether they are genuine!"

That society can find the counterpart of most of the begging letters of to-day in its files of a hundred years ago.

Certainly ten different rogues at least who are earning a good living by asking for contributions to a new artificial limb are using the same words as were employed by the man who first drafted that begging letter 120 years ago.

In the earliest form there appears the words: "Can you imagine what it is like to stump about on your old wooden leg and find every door closed against you?"

In the last few years this has become: "Just think of what it means, clattering about on your artificial leg, finding every man's hand against you!"

The change that has brought this small difference about is obvious. Anyhow, that letter has been sent out by self-described heroes of Waterloo, the Crimea, the Burma War, the Boer War, the Great War and a few others besides.

Round about 1870 there was a period when it was difficult to select a British war that would appeal to public sentimentality. Very well, then. Our one-legged begging-letter writers became heroes of the defence of Paris.

Then there are the rogues who write to schoolmasters pretending that they are old scholars who have fallen on bad times. Nearly all those letters belong to one of three patterns which were in use when the oldest of our present-day headmasters were in long clothes.

"Do you remember that duffer Blank?" write the practitioners of that form of the begging-letter art. "Never any good at lessons, and now look at him." Every school has some sort of pride in a man who has performed brilliantly in life, but who managed to fail in every examination.

Begging-letter writers have an uncanny skill in finding out the names of these people and using the information to create confidence.

Look at this letter, dated August 3, 1847:—

"I feel that God in His mercy has answered my prayers. I have got a job. I start on Monday. God alone knows what a chance like that means to me, who wants to lift his head up once more, who wants to remain no longer a useless tramp.

"But I am in a mess over it, for I have to provide my own tools. If I tell them of my predicament, destitute, a tramp, no fixed abode, well I would lose it, for they are very strict on things like that. I did thank God for giving me a chance like that, and then the thought of having it snatched out of my hands again made it seem almost like a mockery."

NOTICE he wanted tools. Probably the firm was in the engineering business. To-day it appears to have something to do with transport, for a letter dated June last and addressed in much the same words appeals for a driving licence. It says:—

"God has answered my prayers. After years on the dole, I have got a job at last. I start on Monday. God alone knows what a chance like that means to me, who wants to lift his head up once more, who wants to remain no longer a useless tramp.

"But I am in a sorry mess. I have to provide my own driving licence. That costs five shillings, and I could also do with clothing that would cost me ten shillings or so second-hand. I don't mind going without food for the first week, but I can't go without those things.

"If I tell the firm of my predicament, years on the dole, my job almost forgotten, a tramp, no fixed abode, well, I would lose it, for they are very keen on things like that.

"I did thank God for giving me such an opportunity as this, and then the thought of having it snatched out of my hands again made it sound almost a mockery. Then I thought of you and your reputation for kindness."

Then there is the man who writes telling you that he is beyond help now. He is informing you that he has committed theft rather than starve. He is beyond human aid now. He is due to appear before judge and jury shortly, and the result will be imprisonment.

From his heart he tells you that all this human charity is a myth. "Charity not only begins at home, but it stops there." Useless to send him money, for coin is useless in prison. He only wants to register his protest against Society, that's all.

Ah, but look ahead for six months. One day you will get a letter from a man who describes himself as newly released from prison. You will remember he once lost all faith in human nature. He hopes that with your help that confidence will be restored.

If you don't respond, that rogue will be the poorer by two three-halfpenny stamps. Hundreds of examples of the kind can be given. Even the postscripts employed by these begging-letter writers are never original.

FOR instance, you find many different types: "P.S.—I sold my wallet for 4d. to buy a stamp and envelope for this letter."

Before the war, that wallet had always been sold for twopence. A begging-letter writer must keep in touch with simple economics.

So the magistrates believe that a begging-letter writer pens his own missives, do they? And that he usually shows unusual literary ability in doing so?

Ah, well, he is a poor cadger who lets the world see him exactly as he is—a man with no other attribute in life save a particularly low form of cunning.

She Outgrew Her Strength

GIRL WHO WAS ON VERGE OF DECLINE

"My daughter grew so weak and thin that I thought she would go into a decline," states Mrs. McGuire, of 58, Clarence Street, Shieldfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne. "Marie, who is fifteen years of age, was in poor health for a long time. She could not eat, and often had severe headaches. She was depressed, had no energy and at times was quite hysterical. She seemed to completely outgrow her strength and steadily lost weight.

"I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills and decided to try them. Shortly after commencing the pills, Marie began to put on weight. The headaches vanished and she rapidly gained strength. Now she is a bonny girl; she can eat anything, works hard every day and is high-spirited and full of life."

For the trying years of the teens, just when girls sorely need a health-help, Dr. Williams' brand pink pills are invaluable. They give new life and vitality to weak anæmic girls because they actually create new, rich blood—so essential to the growing girl. All chemists sell these pills 1s. 3d. a package (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

'A Marvel of *LIFE*'...

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, relieves pain and is a splendid Natural Remedy for....

INDIGESTION
NERVES
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
BLOOD & SKIN

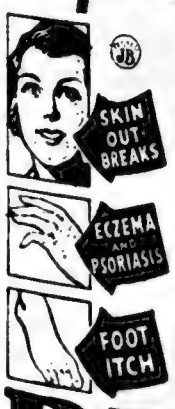
PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast quickly restores VITALITY and VIGOUR. It builds up a reserve of strength to resist illness of every kind and makes you feel YEARS YOUNGER and BETTER IN EVERY WAY....

FAMILY SIZE 150 TABLETS 3/-	50 TABLETS 1/3	VEST POCKET OR HANDBAG SIZE..... 20 TABLETS 6d

From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST. *Always say* PHILLIPS — *then you get the* REAL THING.....

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is *LIFE ITSELF!*

ITCHING Stops Quickly



D.D.D. Brand Prescription has for many years been famous for giving real relief from the itching, burning, irritation of skin outbreaks, rashes, pimples, and such dread skin diseases as Eczema, Dermatitis, Psoriasis, and Impetigo. D.D.D. Prescription instantly soothes and quickly heals the sore, inflamed skin.

D.D.D. Prescription is sold by all chemists at 1s. 3d. per bottle.

FREE

Send a postcard for a free sample bottle today to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.13, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

"NEW LIFE" HAIR-GROWING GIFTS

100,000 "New Life" Hair-Growing Gifts are now waiting to be posted. Simply Post the Coupon printed below. Each Gift Package contains:

1—A Testing Supply of Kotalko—The True Hair Grower.

2—A Testing Tablet of Kotalko Scalp and Hair Soap—the Tonic Shampoo.

3—Illustrated Instructions for "New Life" Hair-Growing—even on Bald Patches on Heads and for getting rid of Dandruff.

These gifts will prove valuable indeed to readers who are losing their hair—whose thin or bald patches are growing larger—whose scalp and hair show dandruff—or whose hair is fading or going grey.

After 2 Years' Baldness

Now This New Thick Growth

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

H. A. WILD.

New Hair Within 3 Months

Kotalko is wonderful. Although my age is 78—Kotalko has brought on a complete new growth of hair where I was quite bald. The new growth was evident after only three months' use of Kotalko. I persevered and the new growth increased and thickened week by week, and now my head is once more absolutely normal. I shall certainly recommend it to all who need a preparation that really grows hair.

S. ROBINSON.

100,000 TEST PACKAGES

Send for Yours To-day!

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness, or hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy-looking."

What's the Matter with your Hair? You, too, can Put it Right with

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap are for men's, women's and children's hair; for falling hair, dandruff and for baldness. The scalp becomes supple and the hair roots nourished and restored to renewed activity. Feed Hair Roots with Kotalko. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles with Kotalko Scalp Soap, the Tonic Shampoo.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN Ltd.,
9, Percy Street, (53.F8), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

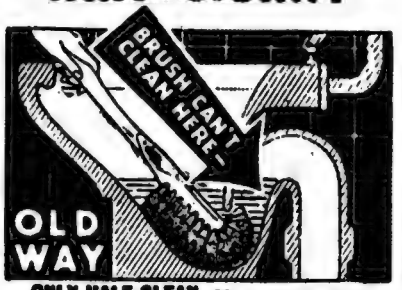
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

Is your lavatory only half-clean?



ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.

COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe—cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD, HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size 16½ x 10 x 9½in

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 9-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly. **£4.17.6**

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. M. of Ryton, writes:—"I have now had the opportunity to test the S3 Set, and I have nothing but high praise for the wonderful results achieved. I have had demonstrations by sets from 10 to 15 Guineas, and it is remarkable but nevertheless true, that this Set surpassed them for clarity and sweetness of tone."

Mr. C. W. C. of Tenbury Wells, writes:—"I must thank you for such a lovely Set. I confess that I have never heard a better one. You are to be congratulated on a Set like this at such a low price."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

WHAT TO DO in case of 'FLU

Amazing Effect From New Treatment

DON'T waste time when you feel Influenza or even a common cold, coming on. Take a dose of Phensic immediately, and another one at bedtime.

That's the modern scientific treatment—and the quickest ever discovered. Phensic is the internal germicide with the wonderful power of turning out poisons produced by germs—through the skin.

After the first dose you notice:—

★ **PAINS IN MUSCLES RELIEVED**
★ **FEVERISHNESS REDUCED**
★ **SOUND SLEEP RESTORED**

Colds go in one night. 'Flu departs in half the usual time and leaves no after effects—no weakness, lassitude, rheumatic pains, headaches or weak heart.

"I regard it (Phensic) as an absolutely sure preventive of Influenza. When I get a feverish cold, it brings down my temperature at once and puts me on my feet in a day or two." D. F. G., London, W.1.

Phensic is also the quickest Pain Killer and Pick-me-up Tonic known to science. Get a bottle to-day and see for yourself.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

AN OPERATION WHICH MIDDLE AGED MEN MAY AVOID

WHEN men pass middle age, there is a tendency for the Bladder and Kidneys not to function normally with consequent inconvenience, pain and fear of operation.

External treatments, massage, etc., are mere palliatives which leave the cause of the trouble intact. Internal treatment alone is capable of removing the congestion. Recent medical research has resulted in the discovery of a new method known as the Magnogene treatment, which goes right to the root of the trouble. Scientific experiments have proved that the Magnogene treatment reduces the inflammation; the pain and burning sensation gradually becomes less. **The effect of the Magnogene treatment is further shown by a distinct improvement in the general health.**

Mr. M. C. P. writes: "Since taking the Magnogene treatment I have had no further bladder troubles. I sleep throughout the night without needing to rise. I am almost 70 years of age and do not feel to be getting old."

The report of a paper read to the French Academy of Medicine describing the effects and results of this new treatment will be sent free of charge to those who are interested, on application to the Magnogene Laboratories (Dept. J.B.2), 13, Fitzroy Street, London, W.1.

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss —— S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Get Rid of PILES

New Approved Method

There's a simple remedy for Piles —the Germoloid treatment—which astonishes every sufferer with its immediate relief and the steady, continuous improvement it brings about. Inserted at night, Germoloids gradually melt, ensuring the most thorough, lasting and intimate kind of medication, without the slightest inconvenience.

Their astringent properties quickly shrink swollen tissues and check bleeding, whilst other medicaments stop agonising pain and overcome tenderness by covering inflamed surfaces with a protective coating.

Germoloids also help to prevent constipation by their lubricative action and by preventing absorption of moisture. They are inexpensive, hygienic and antiseptic, and they never fail. Use one each night until cured, then one each week to keep free from attacks.

Germoloids

FROM CHEMISTS—1/3 per box of 12.

(For External Piles, use also Germolene brand Ointment, in conjunction with Germoloids.)

★ *Every Post a Winning Post!* ★

BETS by POST

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

National Hunt Season

SAME GENEROUS TERMS all the YEAR

FIRST FAVOURITES ACCEPTED

SINGLES, DOUBLES & TREBLES

NO LIMIT

1 up to ANY AMOUNT

40 YEARS REPUTATION for WINNINGS 4/RETURN

Send for the SPORTSMAN'S COMPLETE SERVICE RACING FOOTBALL GREYHOUNDS

LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at

FULL STARTING PRICE

or Totalisator Returns as desired

In accordance with rules.

Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

Send Your Bets to the Big Two

Please send me particulars of your service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....

J.B. 13/2/37

Address .....

Town .....

County.....

BIG TWO

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.

227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C.2

Send for our Weekly Lists

Dearer Coal—And The Miner's Wage

Crime-Hunt .·. Eggs Money .·. Votes And A Dog

EACH time I have gone to my coal merchant lately I have found that prices are raised appreciably and been told that the reason is that consumers are now required to pay an extra 2s. per ton as their contribution to higher miners' wages.

Yet daily I read of growing discontent in the coalfields and the workers' wages appear to be still at starvation level.—S. C. HARRIS, Croft Road, Bromley, Kent.

Trouble is that so much of the 2s. is being diverted to colliery dividends, especially in areas or pits where Miners' Federation is weakest.

Not Known

TEN years ago I began a quest for a record of a perfect crime.

I have examined more than 8,000 volumes and reports going back to the sixteenth century and estimate that I have spent about 22,000 hours on the task.

I have failed completely.

Somewhere there has been a flaw, often slight and very deep but detectable, in all the crimes, however ingenious and thoroughly carried out.—ALBERT HUDSON, Gibraltar Gardens, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

Ten years wasted. First essential of a perfect crime is that it must never be discovered to be a crime. So no record can exist.

Morals Of War

HAVING just retired from the service of an armaments firm, I feel I must record an incident that happened three years ago when the China-Japan strife was intense.

A representative of Japan called on my firm and was given a seat in the directors' waiting-room. While he was there, a Chinese buyer arrived and, inadvertently, was shown into the same room.

Did they fall out? Not a bit of it.

They discussed the true market value of the arms each wanted for his country and, as a result, presented a joint prices ultimatum to my directors when they were ushered into the boardroom!—H. C. HARROP, Norland Square, W.11.

Wisdom of the East?

Race With "Silver Ring"

Best For Lingfield

IT took Troytown ten minutes and twenty seconds when he won the Grand National from Turk II and The Bore. More recently Golden Miller and Reynoldstown scored in approximately nine minutes twenty seconds.

As Troytown was probably a faster 'chaser than "The Miller" and Major Furlong's horse, it shows what the going at Aintree can do.

Lingfield executive paid Troytown a pretty compliment by naming one of their Liverpool test races after him and the event is for decision this week-end.

Past and present "National" horses fill the entry and the race should prove most instructive.

My choice is Royal Mail, if absent, Drinmore Lad. Max may take the Manifesto 'Chase and Kans the Trespasser Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, February 11, to Wednesday, February 17.

M E J T B A K X U Z R 98 96 D V H

G 94 N 93 I 95 S O Y 97 L W F P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: P9598G95L would read DAWMAR. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. K95G2U would read SAMMY.

At The Polls

ALL Britain will watch the London County Council elections next month.

Always I vote Conservative at Parliamentary elections, but I feel I cannot conscientiously do so at the L.C.C. election on the evidence of Labour's three years of fine performance.

Moreover, I am disgusted with my Party on this occasion because of the eleventh-hour appeal sent out by Lord Jessel for funds to fight Labour.

Labour's record in London is surely convincing proof of the fatuity of savage Party politics in local government.—R. B. TRAVERS, Lynton-Ave., Ealing, W.

"John Bull" believes that many Conservatives will abstain from voting if they do not change allegiance.

Litigation Luxury

THIS happened here last week:

A dog entered a butcher's shop and dragged a piece of steak worth 3s. from a basket. The butcher pursued the animal and identified the owner from its collar.

He then went to his solicitor who, after hearing the circumstances, told the tradesman that he had a sound claim against the owner of the dog.

"Good," said the butcher. "It was your dog." The lawyer paid over the 3s.

But next day he sent a 5s. bill to the butcher for the legal consultation.—MICHAEL SHEARN, Quarry Road, Airdrie.

A labourer is worthy of his hire.

Shame!

THIS week my brother was arrested on suspicion near midnight.

Unknown to him, he had been observed by a policeman to descend stealthily to the river bank and to throw something in the water.

He was released pending investigation when he stated at the police station that he had been getting rid of a five years' hoard of used safety-razor blades.

Next day the police took from the river a canister containing nearly six hundred blades.—Miss F. COOKE, Nevil Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

Two hundred million blades (representing 300 tons of steel) are used in Britain yearly.

Banking Myth

IN thirty years' banking experience I have had to listen often (always with the knowledge that it is untrue) to the story told by someone about a friend who has been overpaid at his bank and whose offer to refund the money has been refused because "banks never admit an error."

This false belief must have had its origin in the mind of someone with a guilty conscience.

Bank cashiers are not infallible—mistakes are often costly—and they are relieved and grateful when honest clients restore excess payments.—GEORGE EDEN, Buckland Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.3.

It is said that only 25 per cent. of people overpaid make refund.

Answered

I AM an old woman—eighty-four—and, you may think from this enquiry, a somewhat foolish one.

I have tried without success to recall a saying which my grandfather told me when I was a little girl was called the "Rule for Three" when he was a boy. That would have been about the time George III became King.

It was about making three things or people better by thrashing them, but all I remember is that one was some kind of tree.—MRS. ANNE WALKINGTON, Franklin Street, Scarborough.

A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more you beat 'em, the better they be.

OUR READERS WRITE ABOUT . .

One Way Down

WE have been removing to a new home from the fourth floor of a tenement block. The furniture had to be lowered from the windows.

Our five-year-old son, who had been watching operations, was found to be missing. From the street, above the clamour for him, we suddenly heard his voice shouting, "All right, dad, I'm here."

Looking up, we saw his head protruding from the door of a wardrobe suspended in the air fifty feet above the street!

Eternity passed while he made the descent.—E. ROBERTS, *Howard Street, Hulme, Manchester.*

The Foreign Yolk

THE poultry-raising industry in Britain is facing stark ruin in consequence of the vast and ever-growing importation of foreign eggs and the fact that the cost of feeding-stuff has lately risen by 30 per cent.

Selling prices have now become ruinous and the whole British industry is at the point of collapse.—A. WOLFENDEN, Bullcote Farm, Hoyside, Oldham.

Home eggs are 7½d. per dozen cheaper than a year ago. Many small producers have recently had to give up business.

Aliens Win

VARIOUS applications for licences to operate long distance goods and passenger road services in Britain have been properly rejected because it was found that foreign money would finance the contemplated enterprises.

Yet foreign coastal vessels are plying without let or hindrance between British ports and carrying home cargoes.

These alien "sea 'buses" are fast driving our own coastal seamen ashore and weakening terribly the position of the Admiralty against the day when it may need auxiliary ships and men.—A. G. TAGGART, Swinbourne Grove, Withington, Manchester.

And Parliament has just voted another £2,000,000 yearly subsidy to the shareholders of British tramp shipping companies.

Apropos of the Oxfordshire wolves hunt, many readers ask when the last wild wolf was killed in Britain. It was slain with a dirk by Macqueen of Pall-é-Chrocain at Findhorn, Morayshire, in 1743.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

How *Doctors* Treat Indigestion

By Dr. Scott, M.D., Paris.

Although doctors are human, you rarely find them suffering from indigestion. The reason is that they know exactly what causes it and how to treat it. Personally, I know nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia as a speedy and lasting remedy for all digestive troubles. If I eat anything that disagrees with me I take either a teaspoonful of the powder, or four of the tablets, and there is an end of the trouble. Indeed, there is something almost miraculous about the speed with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia arrests acute stomach pain. 'Bisurated' Magnesia (powder or tablets) can be had of any chemist at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle; there is also a 6d. trial tin of tablets. I advise every sufferer to take some after their next meal; the relief will be a revelation.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keeps one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts back the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin

Isn't she glorious? Everybody raves over her skin. For years she never washed her face with soap; she used to use a cleansing lotion as her skin was in such a bad condition. Now she washes her face with Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap; she considers it the most beautiful soap in the world. She says when you wash your face you cleanse the pores and put back the almond oil which is the natural oil in the Zee-Kol Soap, and the lather one gets is like a beautiful silky foam. I began to use it to-day. I can smell the perfume on my hands, and on my face too. I have never known a soap for 6d. so perfect, and with this lovely perfume. It was originally 1/-.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept.S14), 40, Blenheim Rd. Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH
SHAVEX
REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

TRY A SHAVEX BLADE, THE KEENEST AND BEST BLADE ON THE MARKET. PRICE 2d. INSTEAD OF 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

DOGE CREAM
THE NEW MARVELLOUS
COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Who is that lovely woman dressed as the Venetian Lady in the tricorn hat? I have followed her everywhere. I cannot see her eyes but her skin is really lovely.

Friend: Why she is Venetian and is my friend. She is the Contessa Torrento. She is not young but she looks no more than 30. She uses that Venetian Cream, Doge, which has made her look 20 years younger and her skin indeed perfect. I have only been using it 2 days and everybody says I look so well.

They do not know the reason. Of course it is Doge. Here is the Contessa. Let me introduce you.

In Tubes 6D and 9D
In Pots 1/- and 2/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept.Dg6) 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

SKIN DISEASES
Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished, Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL
The Wonder Skin Remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at

1/3 or a large tin 3/-

or direct from:—
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd.
(Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT X-WORD CORONATION CAMPAIGN
BRINGS YOU HUGE PENSION, CASH AND RADIO PRIZES!
£5 WEEKLY THROUGHOUT CORONATION YEAR
with £350 Cash at once and £6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
COMMENCING 1938
GIANT 3 ALL FIRST PRIZES £50 CASH
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
CORONATION RADIO BONUSES
To each entrant securing Runners-up share of £3 or over, "John Bull" will present as Bonus Award a superb £9. 9s. "FERRANTI" ALL-WAVE RADIO.
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a special Surprise Award - to be posted Wednesday, March 3.

PRESENTED on this page is the fifty-first of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

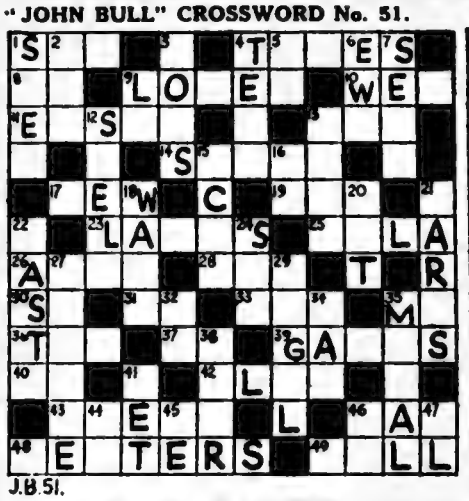
Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 4, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 47. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 51. Closing SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1937



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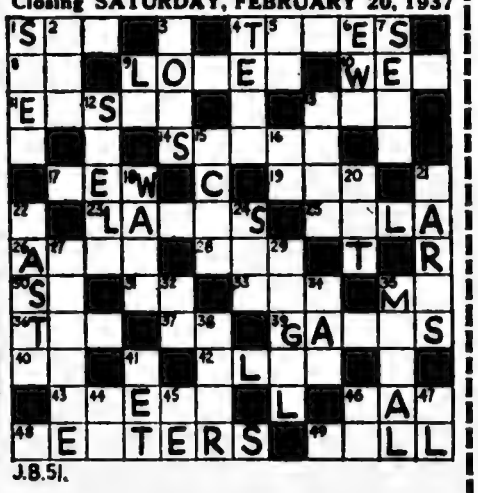


J.B.51.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

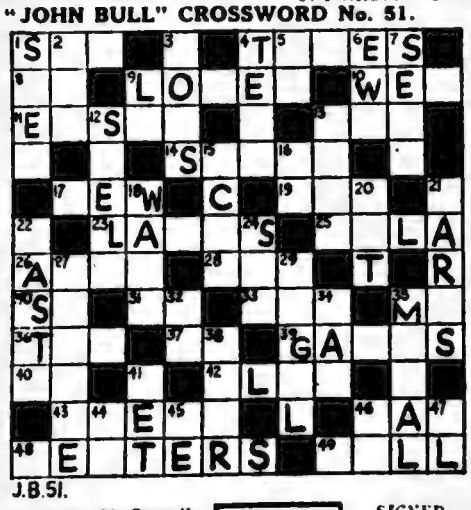
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 51. Closing SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1937



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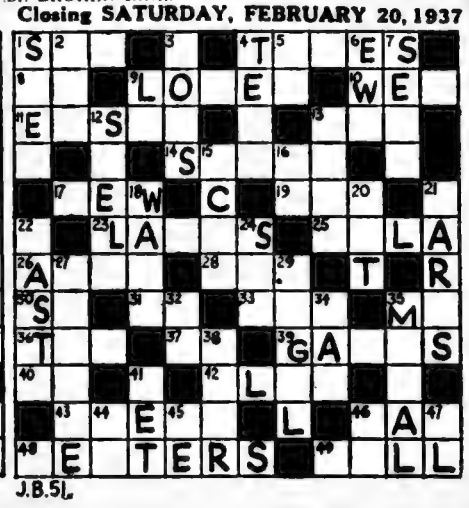


J.B.51.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 51, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, February 20.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 4. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 9, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which many amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Short-sighted dressmaker generally needs her glasses to do this properly
4. Popular author's are sometimes heavy
8. Head and tail of tiger
9. Bachelor usually does when he marries
10. Man who is this has less chance of being successful
11. Relieves
13. Ocean
14. Shiny silk fabric
17. Bad dressmaker's customers are usually this
19. First half of summer
23. Flood of these may do a lot of harm
25. Festivity
28. Skilfully
29. Knight's title
30. How slump begins
31. Half sold in Soho
33. You hang your hat on this
35. Autumn always ends thus
36. This kind of hat creates a lot of amusement
37. Headless gnu
39. Ties are seen in big proportion of these
40. Middle of queues
42. Kill
43. Long attack on town or fortress
46. Damage in Margate
48. Getting these off may relieve you of burden
49. Number of different dances take place at the

CLUES DOWN

1. Breaking this produces appearance of clumsiness
2. Long time in operation
3. Cruel one is specially hard on a woman
4. You judge the quality of books by this
5. Donkey without a tail
6. Sheep in Crowe
7. May be dangerous on seaside promenade in winter
9. Common to trouble and smiles
12. Busy explosives factory produces this
13. Cosy
15. High cards and flyers
16. Exists in islands
18. Methods
20. This is to wipe your feet on
21. What night-watchman does when on duty
22. Is seen in most offices
24. Drink in gossip
27. Woman's garment, from neck to waist
29. Kingly
32. Chop ends off bone
34. Lively
35. Is much used for decorations
38. One who uses
41. Women often have, to put their hair in place
44. Centre of city
45. In cage and singer
46. Master of Arts
47. Revel without Eve

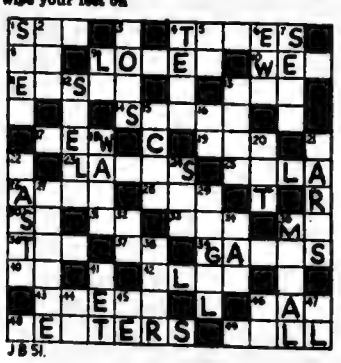
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



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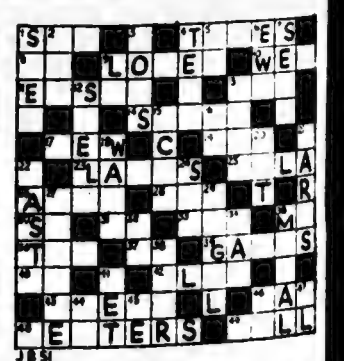

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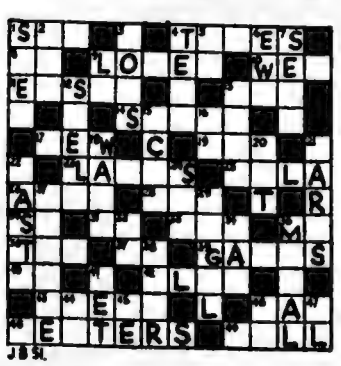

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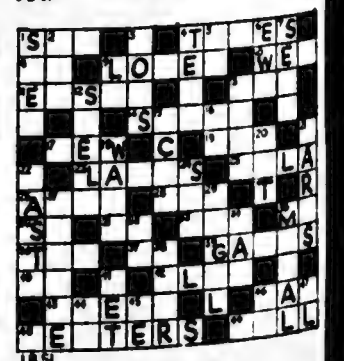

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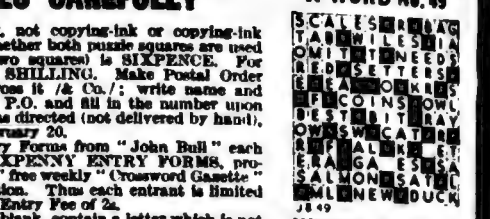
X-WORD No. 49



Winners on page 46.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points PET or SET and GASES or GATES were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 47.

The Editor

BOXER (Stepney).—"I like a stiff drink before I go into the ring." Without it you lack of punch, we suppose?

N. M. (Kingston).—"I bet you cannot guess the hobby of an inspector of income-tax friend of mine." Fortune telling?

F. L. D. (Derby).—"The car is gradually driving the horse from the road." Yes—but not the ass.

W. P. (Goodmayes).—"Running a car isn't all honey." No, there's bound to be a few jams!

H. G. (Bournemouth).—"A lady was occupying the seat I had booked, but rather than argue any more I let her remain." You took a back seat?

LEADER (Oswestry).—"Because the drummer of our dance-band wasn't playing the game fairly, I told him to clear out." In other words, to beat it.

PROMOTER (City).—"If you put a new product on the market and it fails to sell, everybody rubs it in." Unless, of course, it happens to be a liniment.

GREENHOUSE (Chislehurst).—"An electric torch is by far the safest thing to fill an oil-stove with." We should have thought paraffin far more suitable.

V. N. (Chepstow).—"After a sunny week-end, I get a great many more films to develop, so it's good for business." Fine.

C. E. J. (Seal).—"The only time I hurried myself when an errand-boy was on an occasion when I thought I saw a ghost." When the spirit moved you, eh?

TOM B. (Wigan).—"Rousing the workmen every morning for years in all weathers is responsible for my breakdown in health." It has knocked you up.

LIFTMAN (London, E.C.).—"It annoys me when people leave parcels on the ground floor for me to deliver on the top floor." Are you taking the matter up?

TOM B. (Margate).—"What would you call a man who deliberately destroys a railway bridge with dynamite?" An arch criminal.

M. E. (Preston).—"Everybody who was at the dance is talking of the excellent refreshments provided." So it's being passed round, eh?

PRCO. (York).—"English people will never lose their great affection for the game." It will certainly take some moving.

CRITIC (Sevenoaks).—"A few years ago the fear of being the target of unsavoury missiles acted as a spur to many actors." You mean they were either egged on or off?

MOTHER (Oswestry).—"My little boy, who was out of sorts, struggled and screamed until I made him finish his dose of epsom salts." He fought to the bitter end.

MRS. L. (Leicester).—"Many years ago, when taking part in the Suffragette movement I helped to dig up the turf on a golf course with a spade." But now, of course, you use the orthodox golf club.

H. H. (Hertford).—"Although I informed the agent that I was quite satisfied with my present house, he continues to pester me with pamphlets of a new estate." They leave you quite unmoved, however.

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE SUNDERLAND ECHO AND SHIPPING GAZETTE.—"Children of —— had a dinner of roast PARK and plum pudding."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Public Service Vehicles.—FEVER Prosecutions Under Traffic Acts."

EXPRESS AND ECHO OF EXETER:—"Defendant saw no signal given by the RIVER in front. . . ."

HUDDERSFIELD EVENING EXAMINER:—"—— who is a teacher of singing, will SINK the Aria 'Ah Perfido.'"

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL, DUNDEE:—"A large force of men will be UNEMPLOYED on the job, as a great deal of tunnelling will require to be done."

THE TEESDALE MERCURY:—"A SELECTION was held at the home of the bride's parents."

WEST HERTS POST:—"He was an experienced fitter, and the machine he was taking was efficiently INSULTED."

Cheerful (Bodmin).—"I love to see a man with a grin on his face." Except when he happens to be driving a horse and your car has broken down ten miles from anywhere.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Laughs Last

"There was a stoppage in the air pump, sir, and Alf blew down it."
—From "The Passing Show"

ATHLETE (Wimbledon).—"The sports girl must be careful in choosing her clothes." She can begin with a jumper.

B. R. (Balham).—"I am teaching the apes in my private Zoo to box." In order to make champs out of chimps?

G. L. (Guildford).—"Being fat ages a man." Yet he retains a buoyish appearance.

MYRA (Camberwell).—"I always read the fashion news." You like to know what is going on.

C. M. (Diss).—"Even the best-tempered of wives will sometimes call their husbands to book." Especially if they are passing near a theatre box-office.

B. M. (Grendon).—"No man can claim to have mastered the banjo until he can play quiet and soft music on it." It's the little pings than count.

MRS. L. (Roehampton).—"My mother used to take hours in preparing a meal." While now a modern tin-opener does it in so many minutes.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"What would the Tube be without the thousands of men and women who travel regularly to and from business?" Comfortable!

D. A. C. (London).—"The worst of kleptomania, there is nothing one can take to cure it." And by taking nothing it is cured.

SCIENTIST (Hampstead).—"The average woman has a smaller jawbone than a man." So there's something in exercise for slimming, after all.

MAUD (Hinckley).—"My new boy is very tall and handsome and I feel sure he will try to kiss me the next time we meet." And you are on tip-toe with excitement?

M. J. (Birmingham).—"Although I am an accountant, my greatest joy is in butterfly catching." You appreciate net results.

N. T. (Newcastle).—"Every time I enquire after her health she seems to extract a lot of satisfaction in telling me that she is ill." In other words, she enjoys very bad health.

N. R. (Epsom).—"When I bought my house ten years ago I thought that we were isolated, but the building which has taken place since has made me alter my opinion." Your views have changed?

N. O. (Southend).—"I am very fond of tripe." Ah! another reader of modern novels.

ELOCUTIONIST (Leeds).—"Learn to speak plainly; it is always profitable." Even though plain speaking sometimes isn't.

TERRIFIED (Newport).—"He threatened to stab me by letter." The pen is obviously mightier than the sword.

MRS N. (Lancaster).—"My last three cooks have each been nearly six feet tall." But they do not stop long?

TRAVELLER (Hull).—"The South American mosquitoes are terrible things for biting." Then why on earth bite them?

B. D. (Gloucester).—"What makes some people so gloomy at parties?" The life and soul of it, very likely.

P. B. M. (Middlesbrough).—"Three hours' really heavy exercise each day is forced to make one fit." Fit to drop!

S. P. (Leeds).—"Many vocalists can go from one register to another without a break." They don't give us a break either.

P. B. (Dundee).—"My wife has just given my best summer hat to some infernal rag-and-bone man." The last straw.

SIGNWRITER (Cullercoats).—"The sign I executed over my own premises has resulted in extended business." You made a name for yourself?

J. C. (Holborn).—"Have you ever noticed the evil smell of the tobacco most taximen smoke?" You think it pretty rank?

J. W. S. (S.E. London).—"The products of the factory in which I work go all round the globe." What do you make—lamp shades?

TRAVELLER (Sidcup).—"He said that for a consideration he could introduce me to a new account." And did you make the necessary advances?

MRS. D. (Bathgate).—"When a woman weeps in front of her husband, you may be sure that she is touched." And that he is about to be!

MERE MALE (Brixton).—"Winter sales are terribly harassing affairs. What does the average woman go for?" The other customers.

DEALER (Glasgow).—"The second-hand car joke has gone quite far enough." The second-hand car, on the other hand, very seldom does.

MISS D. H. (Bedford Park).—"Please send me four free seats for the Coronation." Sorry, madam—England may be a free country, but Coronation Procession Seats are costing about £1 per square inch. Still, page 47 gives you four opportunities to win a pair of excellent seats at Hyde Park Corner.

METEOROLOGIST (Clapham).—"I don't in the least mind sitting in the front row at a kinema." You are, of course, accustomed to gazing up at the stars.

ENTOMOLOGIST (Edinburgh).—"In its own family circle the male beetle is a dogmatic and downright creature." A positive pest, eh?

C. N. (Chester).—"I made the salesman drive me in circles until I was convinced that the car was a fair bargain." It wasn't so bad taken all round, eh?

T. G. (Malvern).—"A crack footballer often has a very large number of admirers." And sometimes the referee has a big following.

MRS. H. S. (Windsor).—"After my husband has composed a new piece of music he is very nervy and does all sorts of wild things." So that you wish he would compose himself.

MRS. A. (Aldershot).—"Do you agree that the average cook is at her most enthusiastic when making a stew?" Well, she generally puts everything she has into it.

L. E. (Wimbledon).—"I am told that, up and down the country, many dance halls are closing down and that this is due to the popularity of ice rinks." Freezing them out, as it were.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

KIDNEY TROUBLE

If you have kidney trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. Sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked after weakening illness, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

So you must realise that to get relief you must take a medicine that will act directly on the kidneys. A medicine that will reduce the inflammation in the kidneys themselves—one that will tone up those weak organs and enable them once again to do their purifying work.

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills, which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The uric acid deposits which cause the pain in muscles and joints will be dissolved and cast out of the body.

The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

De WITTS BRAND **KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS** 1/3 3/- 5/-

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

First Dose Relieves Stomach Troubles

SOUR, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of Indigestion.

De Witt's Antacid Powder **Firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

De Witt's Antacid Powder

1/6 of all Chemists. Double Size 2/6

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hemorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile Cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.13, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Doctor says—"YADIL truly wonderful . . . I have had great

results in Influenza, Whooping-cough, Chronic Bronchitis, in which nothing else gave any results."—M.B., B.Ch., M.O.H. Yadil conquers coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., you, too, can be well by taking this famous garlic remedy.

YADIL *Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK*

1/3 and larger from Chemists. Or direct from **YADIL (1935), LTD. (Dept. I.B.), Springfield, London, E.5.**

For Your Own Protection —*fill in the Coupon on page 14.*

THE Endowment Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. are specially designed to meet the needs of *John Bull* readers. They provide protection for your wife or your children, and an income for the man himself after the age of 60. Fill in and post the coupon on page 14 for further particulars. You will never regret it!

SKIN DISEASES

Amazing New Discovery

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, **which dissolve instantly on the tongue,** and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send For Free Sample!

How and why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with a generous **Free Sample,** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

There's no need to go Searching for Bargains

—there are plenty displayed in "John Bull's" Shop Window on pages 2 & 3.

HELP TO MAKE HISTORY ON CORONATION DAY!

"THREE cheers for George and Mary . . ."

It is nearly twenty-six years since the streets of London rang with those shouts, the tribute of a mighty people to their new Sovereign and his beloved wife.

On Wednesday, May 12, an even greater concourse of loyal men and women from all parts of the Empire will gather in the Capital to witness the Coronation Procession of 1937, an historical occasion in which you can take part at your ease.

As our new King, George VI, drives from ancient Westminster Abbey with Queen Elizabeth at his side—crowns on their heads and wearing their magnificent Coronation robes—you and a chosen companion can be there to cheer them on their way. This memorable privilege can well be yours that day, for there is nothing to prevent you from winning the right to join the Company of "Bulleteers" who are to be JOHN BULL'S Coronation Guests.

With each of those four splendid cash prizes heading the huge *Bullets* Offer on the opposite page there will be two superb reserved seats in a commodious stand at Hyde Park Corner.

Imagine yourself there. Behind you, Apsley House—the Duke of Wellington's famous home. Where you sit you will be no more than fifty yards from famous No. 145, Piccadilly, the late home of our new King. Opposite, St. George's Hospital, fringed with packed stands; over to your left, Constitution Hill, down which the Coronation procession will wend its way after passing through Hyde Park's gates just on your right. As far as you can see, a surging ocean of people—most of them envying you in your comfortable seat!

Think of your excitement when a roar of cheering, swelling louder and louder as the cavalcade passes down through Hyde Park from Marble Arch, tells you that King George and Queen Elizabeth are approaching.

To have no one you know to turn to at such an unforgettable moment would be to take away half the pleasure from your Coronation thrill. For that very human reason, all JOHN BULL'S Coronation seats will be awarded *in pairs,* so that each winner can bring a companion to share this historic experience.

Win one of this contest's four sensational Cash-plus-Coronation prizes and you and your companion will travel to London in first-class luxury as JOHN BULL'S guests.

Comfortable hotel accommodation has already been reserved and you will enjoy a whole week of glorious Coronation festivities to celebrate winning your fine cash prize.

As this contest's four chief winners sit in their places waiting for the Coronation procession to pass, the scenes on the outward journey and the actual ceremony in Westminster Abbey will be broadcast to them by loudspeakers. And in their homes a score more entrants in this outstanding offer will be able to listen-in on a magnificent modern receiver to this thrilling broadcast—and, later that day, to His Majesty's Coronation Message to the Empire, for with each of the next twenty principal prizes will go a luxurious "Ultra" Radio.

Begin your attack on this splendid *Bullets* prize-list without delay, for none of those double Coronation prizes can be yours unless your entry reaches JOHN BULL by Saturday, February 20.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1059.

First Prize, £1,000 and Coronation Week as announced:

J. A. RENWICK, 60, Caistor Park Road, Stratford, London, E.

Example: WIFEY WANTS FURS, BUT

Bullet: VIOLETS "WARM" HER *Heart.*

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

H. RAILTON, 45, Mill Lane, Beverley.

Example: Force

Bullet: Carrying Day? Bringing "Sunset."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE. £25:

A. WOOD, 8, Richmond Terrace, Aberdeen.

Example: In Poverty's School

Bullet: Here "Reds" Rear Heads.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: W. CONDON, 11, Rose Street, Dunfermline.
A Long Pull—Wasted—Europe's "In Deeper."

£19: W. EDWARDS, 1, Maple Terrace, Shrewsbury.
A Long Pull—Taxpayer's—So *Sips* Beer!

£18: Mrs. M. PRENTIS, 33, Coldcotes Avenue, Leeds.
Coming Struggle—"Herod" To "New-born" Hopes.

£17: Mrs. L. C. EYERS, 5, Iona Parade, Cippenham.
Force—Thought Necessary—Thought Needed!

£16: E. E. ALLEN, Mill Yard, Framlingham.
Servant Of Man—Elephant—His "Boss," Germ.

£15: G. SMART, 7, Kensington Grove, Denton, Lancs.
Wifey Wants Furs, But—Meanwhile She's "Wearing Doormat."

£14: Mrs. N. BOTT, 5, Midland Avenue, Leeds.
Brother v. Brother—Lest Millionaire's Income "Falls."

£13: R. RICKERS, 1, Senghennydd Road, Cardiff.
The Royal Family—Modesty "Outshines" The Glitter.

£12: D. E. HAYNES, Titchfield Common, near Fareham.
Heart Of Stone—"Skims Over" Trouble's "Sea."

£11: J. W. BOOTH, 41, Curzon Street, Long Eaton.
Upset The Witness—Magistrate Playing With Elastic!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: A. G. CLAPP, 36, Cedars Road, Exeter.
Bombshell For Westminster—If Neville Taxed "Parrots"!

£9: Mrs. N. HUGHES, 3, Drivers End, Hitchin.
Wherever She Goes—Dress Exaggerates *My* "Figure."

£8: G. STEPHENSON, 14, Park Lane West, Hull.
Bombshell For Westminster—Almost Friendly Of Enemy!

£7: R. SMITH, 2, Moorland Avenue, Bushbury, Wolverhampton.
Force—Getting Dictator's "Money Back"?

£6: D. L. TIMOTHY, Rhydymwyn, Mold.
Jumps At Anything—Resembling Auntie's Jumper, Curate!

£5: T. PLUMMER, Fluin Lane, Frodsham.
When He's Finished—Pie, Newlywed "Hugs" *Stomach.*

£4: R. J. WOOD, 6, Endrick Drive, Paisley, N.B.
Love At First Sight—Flu Germ Met Coddler.

£3: Mrs. F. STREATHER, 99, Verney Road, London, S.E.
Thanks To Electricity—*One* Servant "Like Lightning."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of all other cash Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS FOOTBALL" No. 1—COMMITTEE'S DECISIONS

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	J	K	L
1	1	x	1	2	1	2	1	2	x	2

Result will appear in next week's issue as announced

IN FUTURE THIS CONTEST WILL BE PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE COLUMNS OF *BULLETS BULLETIN* SECURE A COPY BY FILLING UP AND POSTING COUPON ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY BANISHES BALDNESS

Restores Natural Colour to GREY HAIR

REALLY GROWS NEW HAIR

Many readers will be delighted to know that hair troubles such as Baldness, Falling Hair, Thinning Hair, Greyness, Dandruff and Scurf, can be speedily Banished by the preparations discovered by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, the Specialist who has treated over 600,000 cases of hair trouble, and who, as a result of this unrivalled experience has been able to perfect successful treatments for all prevalent hair troubles.

Formerly, people had to visit his laboratory or obtain Mr. Godfrey's treatment through the post. Now, in view of the universal demand, he has made arrangements with a leading chemists, including Boots, Taylors and Timothy Whites, to supply the public at popular prices.

These are the Godfrey Preparations on sale at all high-class chemists:—

RENAIR POMADE for Baldness and Hair Growth. 3/- and 5/- per Carton.
RENAIR HAIR TONIC for Thin and Falling Hair. 1/9 and 3/- per bottle.
RENAIR DANDRUFF LOTION Cures dandruff and Scurf. 1/- and 1/9 per bottle.
RENUKLOR Restores Grey and Faded Hair. 3/- and 5/- per bottle.
FOR SHAMPOOING use FCLLEX Medicated Shampoo. Sachets 6d., Tubes 3d. & 1/-. Testing supply of either preparation sent on receipt of 3d. for postage and packing.—
F. GODFREY, Whatstandwell, Matlock.

FIRST SIGNS OF RHEUMATISM

What are the symptoms by which you get your first warning of approaching rheumatism? It may be a stabbing, searing pain in the back—a vice-like, agonising grip on a knee, ankle, elbow or finger-joint. Wherever the trouble gets you, grapple with it immediately. Never give rheumatism an inch or, sure enough, it will take the proverbial mile.

It is in the *beginning* that rheumatism is most easily cured. Before it gets a firm hold start taking a daily glass of Fynnon Salt. This saline treatment contains not one drug but many; it gives you the curative properties of Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, etc., which prevent the accumulation of uric acid, which is the main cause of rheumatism and kindred ailments.

A stitch in time saves nine. A daily glass of Fynnon Salt is a joyous alternative to tedious, expensive treatment that may in the end not prove effective.

You will never have to fear rheumatism as long as you keep on with Fynnon Salt. But if rheumatism already has you in its grip, let the magic ingredients in Fynnon Salt restore your old suppleness. All chemists sell Fynnon Salt in 1/6 tins.

Mend it—at our expense

FREE sample of 'CASCO' *The New COLD WATER GLUE*

We are so sure you will find 'Casco' the strongest glue you have ever tried that we offer a generous sample—FREE. 'Casco' is so strong it is used for making aeroplanes, doors, furniture. Resistproof, waterproof, super strong. Unlike ordinary glues which set by evaporation, 'Casco' sets chemically like cement. Mends almost anything—permanently. From ironmongers, oil and paint shops.

IN HANDY TINS FROM 6d.

FREE SAMPLE From LEICESTER LOVELL & Co. Ltd., [illegible] LONDON, S.E.1

LIFE PENSION & FORTUNE WON IN CROSSWORD No. 49.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 49, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page [illegible]) were submitted by:—

T. M. MacEwan, 90 Marlborough Avenue, Glasgow,

who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 Weekly for Life and £500 Cash, or the sum of £900 cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he or she has a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must send in his Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 16, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted, and Postal Order number. Envelope to be clearly marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Crossword Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize will be divided between 63 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only slightly less clear and accurate Answer compared with the best Answer received. These winners will each receive a Prize of £1. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the offices of "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

With each cash Prize one of the famous "John Bull" Hampers will be awarded.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 655 competitors from whom we received a Square differing from the Winner's by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

CORONATION AWARDS INCREASED AGAIN

for this Huge "Bullets" Offer of

CASH AND RADIO!

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,500

£750

and CORONATION WEEK IN LONDON FOR TWO

£100 and CORONATION WEEK in LONDON FOR TWO

£50 and Coronation Week in London for Two

£25 and Coronation Week in London for Two

£20 PLUS RADIO | £18 PLUS RADIO | £16 PLUS RADIO | £14 PLUS RADIO

£12 PLUS RADIO | £10 PLUS RADIO | £9 PLUS RADIO | £8 PLUS RADIO | £7 PLUS RADIO

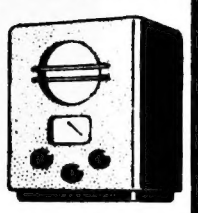
£6 PLUS RADIO | 10 of £5 EACH PLUS RADIO | 25 of £1 | 3,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" | 500 of 2/6 | 5,000 "STAR TARGETS"

"JOHN BULL'S" CORONATION GUESTS

will be provided with "Millionaire's" seats for the historic and glittering Coronation Procession, best available hotel accommodation and a round of gaiety in London during the week ending May 15

HEAR THE MEMORABLE BROADCASTS OF CORONATION WEEK

on one of the superb All-mains 4-valve "Ultra" Super-het Models, offered with each of this week's cash prizes from £20 down to £5



CLOSING SAT. FEB. 20.

LAST DAYS TO ENTER FOR THIS GIANT CORONATION PRIZE OFFER!

A FEW days more and the mighty *Bullets* Coronation Offer now before you will be part of Competition history. Prizes to the total value of over £1,500 are waiting to be won, and this magnificent prize-list brings you not one or two but four golden opportunities to capture an unforgettable Coronation Week in London for two as well as a big JOHN BULL cheque.

Splendid reserved seats at Hyde Park Corner, comfortable hotel accommodation, visits to theatre and kinema, shopping, sightseeing—all these are in store for this Contest's four chief cash prize-winners during the historic Coronation Week ending May 15—and half an hour with the interesting *Examples* on this page may well bring one of those glittering 2-in-1 Coronation prizes to you!

Included in this memorable prize-list is a splendid array of Cash-plus-Radio awards. On the evening of Coronation Day, May 12, His Majesty King George VI will broadcast to the Empire. To hear his message perfectly and benefit to the full by all the tremendous plans for broadcasting in Coronation Week, capture one of the superb "Ultra" Radios now waiting to be won, together with substantial cash prizes, in this Contest.

Full instructions for making *Bullets*, together with *Examples* to choose from, await you on this page—start *now* on your road to a fine 2-in-1 Coronation prize!

THE WAY TO WIN

THERE is nothing to prevent you turning out one of this Offer's best efforts in half an hour, provided you go about it in a careful and methodical way.

First read through the list of *Examples* and select, say, half a dozen on which to work. Write down these chosen *Examples* and then add to each one all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

It does not matter how crude these first rough comments are. They will serve as excellent raw material from which to shape your *Bullets*.

Now each of your finished *Bullets* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the selected *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to polish up the phrasing of your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example*, WHAT WAR MEANS. Against it you might scribble the idea, *Shortage Of Food For Thousands* and also *Many People Won't Trouble To Realise*. After a few minutes' thought you could combine these two notions in the typical *Bullet*, WHAT WAR MEANS—"NOT ENOUGH" TO MANY.

Before you start on your own efforts, study carefully the good points of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,059th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then begin immediately, for your entry *must* be in by Saturday, February 20.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,061)

OUR ISLAND STORY
WHAT WAR MEANS
AT THE CIRCUS
TO FINISH THE JOB
READY FOR THE CORONATION
GOVERNMENT'S BRAINS
OUT OF PLACE
CAUSED A MISUNDERSTANDING
THE FOG WAS THICK, SO
WHEN GRANDPA STARTED
FRIEND OF ALL
GUARDING OUR SHORES
MY MISTAKE
SUBMERGED
I SUGGEST
BRIBERY
IDEAL PUB
UNSTINTING
UPSET FIDO
ZEALOUSLY
IN THE TEETH OF THE GALE
SPIRITED
OPEN
BADLY MANAGED
MARCH WINDS
I'M NOT RICH, BUT
"I'LL SETTLE HIM!"
BROUGHT TO HEEL
WHEN THE HOUR STRIKES
TREAT HER WELL AND
IN THE TOP CLASS
TRIUMPH OF SENSE
THANKS TO THE CINEMA
POETRY OF SPRING
AFTER THE INTERVIEW
SPILT THE BEANS

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette."

I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

If not entering for either Competition, post coupon direct to Bulletin Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 50, Bedford Street, W.C.2

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,061) Closing SAT., Feb. 20. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,061) Closing SAT., Feb. 20. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,061) Closing SAT., Feb. 20. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,061) Closing SAT., Feb. 20. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,061 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,061, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

After 'FLU Has Got You DOWN

—and you feel Nervy, Shaky, Listless, Depressed, a prey to pain, and worried about your health

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tonic

QUICKLY

PICKS YOU UP

THE Influenza Epidemic has caused a Health Crisis of a widespread National character. One quarter of the population is either suffering from 'Flu or recovering from an attack.

Most firms are working on short staff, and those who are carrying on have not the requisite vitality to support the added burden.

Mothers with, sometimes, whole families of invalids to look after, feel that they, too, will soon 'drop.'

And, in addition to this, many, still weak after an attack, are running grave risks by taxing their lowered strength beyond its limit. For, as it has been so often said, it is the 'after-complications' arising from Influenza which constitute its greatest danger.

One thing is certain—all who are suffering from the weakness following 'Flu or whose health is below par, must get fit and well in the *quickest possible time!*

A GREAT OFFER

In this National Emergency, the makers and distributors of Yeast-Vite renew to every health sufferer in the country their offer of "No Cure—No Pay"! (See offer on right.)

This is done in order to enable everybody to start taking this lightning pick-me-up with the utmost confidence. No person should hesitate one moment about accepting the Offer. It is a matter of the utmost importance—not only to yourself, but to those who depend upon you.

Yeast-Vite contains just those Vital Health Elements which your body most urgently needs. Yeast-Vite is accomplishing Health Marvels every day! **Letters of gratitude and delight arrive constantly, telling how not only 'Flu Victims but health sufferers of all kinds are experiencing a swift and happy return to health which they never before thought possible!** Each Yeast-Vite Tablet is a spark of Life and Health! From the first dose you feel Renewed, Revived, Reinvigorated! Pain disappears! Weakness is changed to Strength!

IF YOU are feeling Weak Shaky and Nervy.

—*IF YOU* are suffering from Headache or Nerve Pains:
—*IF YOUR* Digestion is Weak and you cannot enjoy your meals:
—*IF YOUR* Limbs are full of Aches and Pains:
—*IF YOU* need extra Energy and Stamina to 'carry on' your duties while others are away ill:
—*IF YOU* need more Vitality to enable you to look after invalids in your own home:
—*IF YOU* are a victim of that awful depression which makes the whole world look black and forbidding!

Accept AT ONCE the Yeast-Vite offer of

NO CURE-NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

Truly Marvellous

Birkenhead.

Dear Sirs,—I had a very severe attack of 'Flu and complications. I was so weak and run-down that nothing would agree with me. I tried almost everything. Several people had asked me to try Yeast-Vite—but I just took no notice of them. Then one day I thought I would, and truly the result is marvellous. First my insomnia vanished. Then my gastric indigestion steadily got quite better. Now I am feeling a new woman. No headache. No gastric pains in my stomach after meals.—Yours faithfully, Sister I. L. C.

(State Registered Nurse).

Six Tablets Worked Wonders

Caernarvon.

Dear Sirs,—I feel that I must write to you to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from taking your Yeast-Vite.

I got the 'Flu, and pleurisy followed. After 5 weeks in bed I had gone very weak and felt very depressed. Your Yeast-Vite Tablets worked miracles on me. After taking only six I felt a new man. I felt my energy and strength returning. Before I had finished a 1/3 bottle the results were far beyond my expectations.

All you claim for your tablets has been proved to the hilt in my case, and I shall certainly recommend them to all my friends. Personally, I shall never be without a bottle.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) R. G. J.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MIN.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MIN.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MIN.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MIN.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MIN.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

Sold Everywhere

3d.
6d.
1/3
3/-
5/-

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